

RAIDERS 250 HOT NEW WILD PIX

JAN / 25c

16

PDC **MAGAZINE**

MARK - BIGGEST COLOR PIN-UP EVER!
WIN FANG'S "FANG"!
THEIR SIZZLING PRIVATE LIVES!

**STONES
TURN
YOU
ON!**

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40 TRU FAX & FAB PIX

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**HERMAN
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**ALL YOUR
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**DC5 FANTASTIC
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PLUS - McALLUM

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WOW! take a look at this!



For the
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ANOTHER 16 SCOOP?! Indeed, it is! First with the most, as always, 16 here offers you the golden opportunity of your lifetime — an opportunity to get for your very own a collection of unbelievably beautiful, clear, wallet-size, signed color portraits of all your top favorite dream guys... each portrait reproduced on extra-heavy "unwrinkable" glossy paper.

Here's a list of the fab guys you can carry around in living color in your wallet — for all you girl friends to see and go absolutely green over:

PAUL McCARTNEY
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 HERMAN
 KEITH ALLISON
 JOHN LENNON
 ROLLING STONES
 ROBERT VAUGHN
 MIKE "SMITTY" SMITH
 BILLY HINSCH
 MIKE SMITH
 RICK HUXLEY

MARK LINDSAY
 DAVID McCALLUM
 DINO MARTIN, JR.
 DAVE CLARK
 DESI ARNAZ
 GEORGE HARRISON
 PAUL REVERE
 JIM "HARPO" VALLEY
 DENIS PAYTON
 LENNY DAVIDSON
 RINGO STARR

This whole groovy bundle of wallet-size pix in living, breathing color can be yours with no more effort than filling in the coupon on this page and cutting it out and mailing it (to the address on the coupon) with a one-dollar bill attached. That's all it takes — just the coupon and a one-dollar bill. Do you know of an easier way to get to heaven?

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JANUARY 1967

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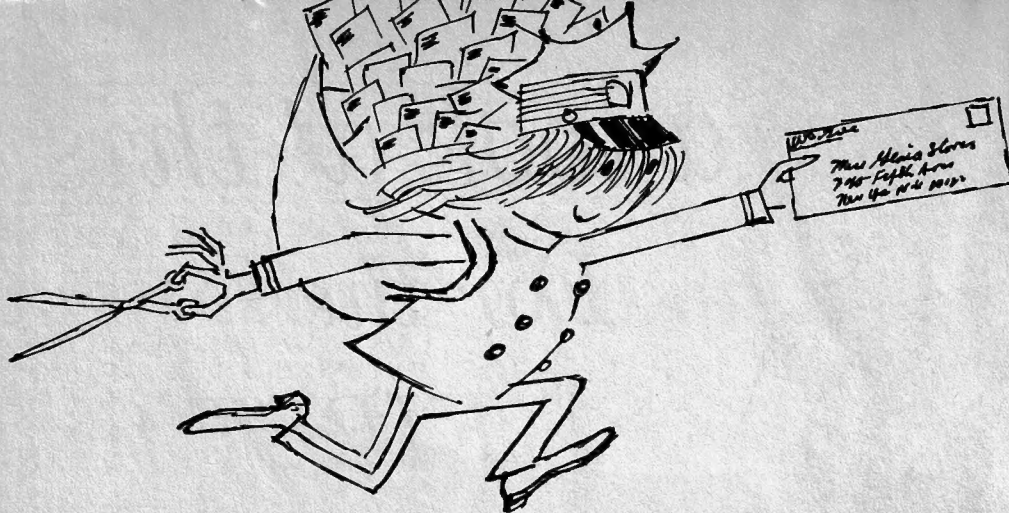
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YOU'RE TELLING ME!

FROM GLORIA STAVERS

I want to assure each and every one of you who has ever written a letter to me, at 16 Magazine, that every single letter is read and that careful consideration is given to everything you write. I'm sure you understand that there isn't enough space in my magazine for me to publish every letter and that there simply isn't enough time for me to answer every letter personally. But please know that I'm deeply grateful to you for writing me and that I appreciate every suggestion and criticism you address to me. Write to me as follows: Miss Gloria Stavers, 16 Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Dear Gloria,

I was very pleased to see my picture in the November 16. I know that 16 is the best in its field, and I just wanted to thank you.

YALE SUMMERS

Beverly Hills, Calif.

• Dear Yale,

I am pleased that you are pleased. 16 people really dig you. And, hey—you YALE luvvers—you can write to him in care of CBS-TV, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Miss Stavers,

I bought your fab All-Star Home Ad-

dress Book and wrote a letter to my idol — BRIAN JONES of the Rolling Stones. The other day I got a personally hand-written reply from BRIAN!! I was thrilled beyond description. Thanks for such a groovy book.

Phyllis Engel

Winnipeg, Canada

• Dear Phyllis,

Welcome to cloud 969! Any other 16-ers seeking such thrills, hurry and turn to Page 39.

Dear Gloria,

I read 16 and I really dig it!

Ralph J. Gleason

San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco, Calif.

• Dear Ralph,

Wow! Thanx!

Dear Miss Stavers,

Where can I write to that swingy ROGER EWING, who co-stars on Gun-smoke?

Polly Underhill

New York City

• Dear Polly,

Write to ROGER at CBS Studio Center, Gunsmoke, 4024 Radford, Studio City, Calif. Mention 16 and you'll get a pronto reply!

Dear Miss Stavers,

Please print a pic of LEONARD NIMOY of Star Trek and tell me where I can write to him.

Claire Joseph

Baldwin, N.Y.

• Dear Claire,

Your wish is my command. Write to LEONARD at NBC-TV, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Miss Stavers,

Please print my fan club for COUNT FIVE (who recorded Psychotic Reaction).

Anne (no last name)

3620 S. "G" St.
Oxnard, Calif.

Dear Miss Stavers,

I love the RAIDERS and want to know where I can write to them as a group or individually.

Margo Turner

Raleigh, N.C.

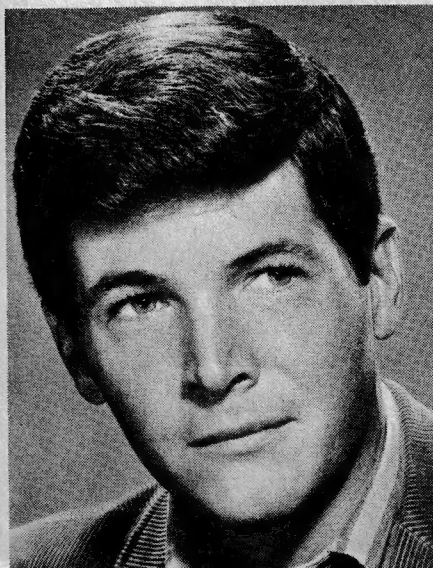
• Dear Margo,

The very best address to write to PAUL REVERE &/or THE RAIDERS is in care of ABC-TV, Hollywood, Calif. The boys themselves pick up their mail there.

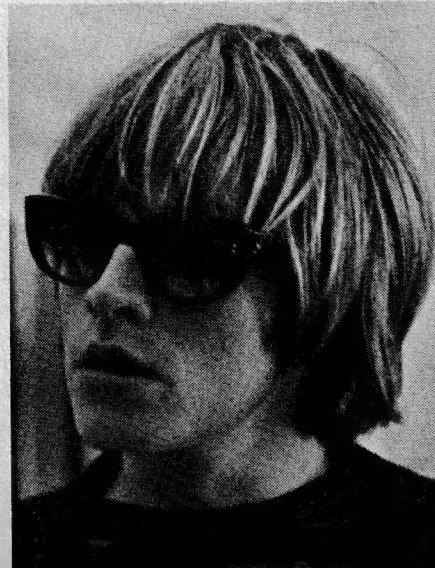
Dear Miss Stavers,

I think those color wallet photos you sell are the greatest thing since cotton

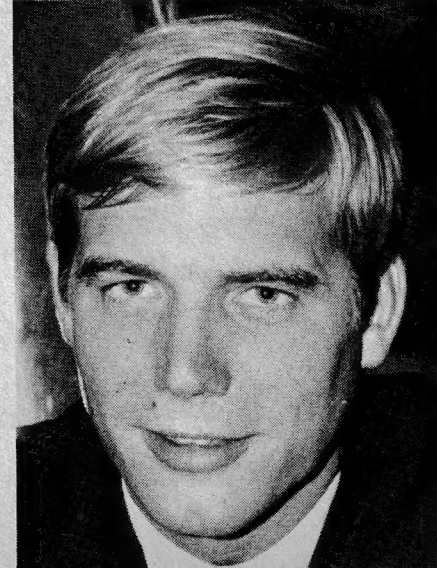
Yale



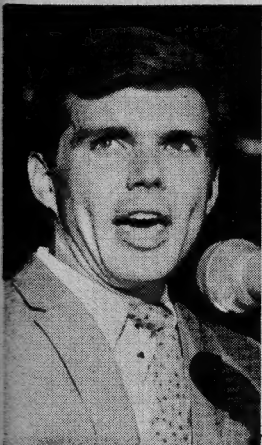
Brian



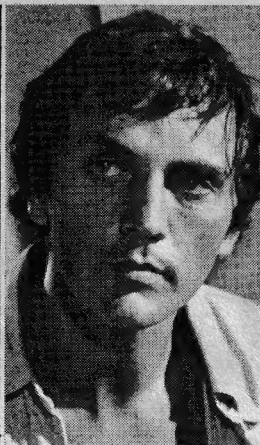
Roger



John



Terry



Tommy



Peter



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C5JS1 YDT. F21DAMO58 KUE5
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ALL SWINGING 16-ERS!**

Ever have trouble getting 16 at your newsstand? Ever feel like having a fit when you find out the last copy has just been sold? Ever hear your girl friends tell you they can't find 16 in their neighborhood?

Well, you can help out and put an end to this ridiculous situation. Just fill in this coupon, cut it out and send it along with whatever else you are sending to 16. The problem will promptly be taken care of—and 16 will be oh, so grateful to YOU!

**NEWSSTAND
NEEDING 16**

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745 Fifth Ave. • New York 10022

candy. My girl friends turn bright green when they flip through my wallet. *Merci!* Paul McCartney is my fave.

Debby Holsten

Seattle, Wash.

• *Dear Debby,*
T'ain't nothin'. You teen-queen wallet gals best see Page 3 for the good word!

Dear Miss Stavers,
Where can I write to dreamy JOHN DAVIDSON?

Roberta Wells

El Paso, Tex.

• *Dear Roberta,*
Write to JOHN in care of NBC-TV, Hollywood, Calif. He luvs letters!

Dear Miss Stavers,
My girl friend and I recently met HERMAN and got our picture taken with him. *Wow-ee! He's beautiful!*

Luanne Wagner

Manitowoc, Wisc.

Dear Miss Stavers,
Please pretty please print a picture of groovey TERRY STAMP, who starred

in *Modesty Blaise*.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Miss Stavers,
I saw TOMMY ROE on *Action* and is he a doll! Will you please print his pic and tell me where I can write to him?

Linda Oller

Glen Burn, Md.

• *Dear Linda,*
Write to TOMMY at ABC Records, 1330 Sixth Avenue, New York City. Be sure to mention 16 when you do!

Dear Miss Stavers,
Please print a picture of PETER FONDA and tell me what's new with him.

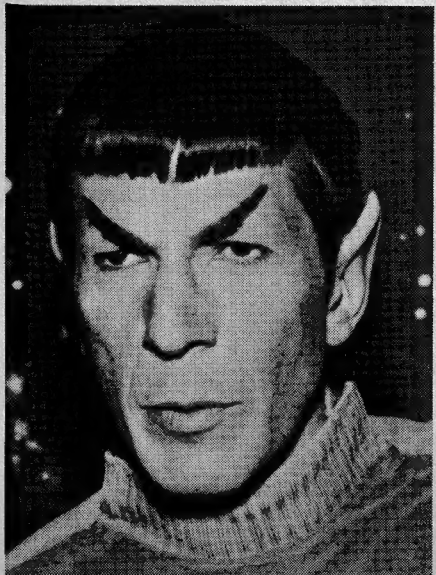
Carrie Nills

New Orleans, La.

• *Dear Carrie,*
Here is a shot of PETER. He has been signed to do a series of films for American-International—address: 7165 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

(Editor's Note: Hang in there — ART RAZ is on the way!)

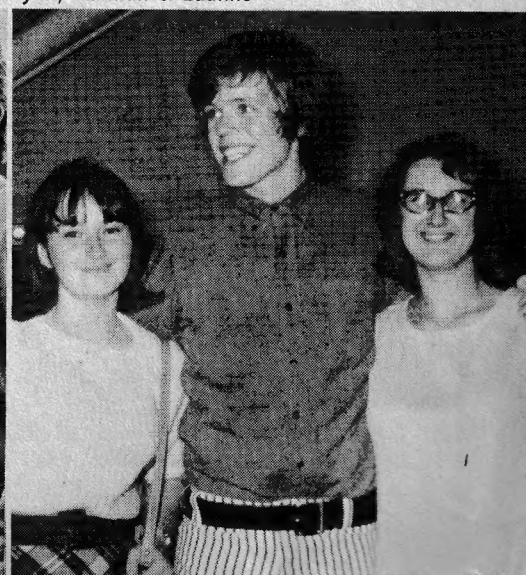
Leonard



R & R



Lynn, Herman & Luanne



GROUP CITY BY GEEGEE

THE 3½ signed with Cameo-Parkway—more news on them soon . . . Look for a big hit in *Bend It* by **Dave Dee, Dozy Beaky, Mick & Tich** . . . Love **Los Bravo** *Black Is Black* LP on Press—and they are dolls! . . . Expect the **Troggs** here by the end of this year . . . **Mitch Ryder's** Fan Club gave him a cocker spaniel named "Jennie" . . . **Blue Beats'** first Columbia single is *Extra Girl*—don't miss it. They're great! . . . *Is* short hair coming back? Atlantic's **Boys Next Door** look great with it! . . . *Bus Stop*, the **Hollies'** Imperial LP, is just about the best thing on the market—another *must* . . . ? & **The Mysterians** all hail from Michigan's Saginaw Valley. ? never removes his sunglasses!

Jay (seated in front on the step) & the **Americans** were a smash hit on their recent tour of England . . . **Peter Quaife** quit the **Kinks**. He was replaced by **John Dalton** . . . Most unbelievable new sight and sound on the scene is **Lothar & The Hand People**. The **Hand People** are people, just like us—but I still don't know **Lothar** is (see pic and figure it out for yourself). *It* really makes music, but you *never* touch it! . . . **Don & the Goodtimes** recently won the Battle of the Bands trophy, which was presented by Seattle's radio KJR program director, **Pat O'Day** . . . Beautiful, super-groovey LP is the **Small Faces'** *All Or Nothing* on RCA Victor . . . Drummer **Chip Damiani** has returned to the **Remains** and **N. D. Smart** started his own group, called the **Hobbitts**—they could prove habit-forming!

THE HARD TIMES IS HERE!



3½



Los Bravos



Mitch Ryder & Detroit Wheels



Boys Next Door



Hollies



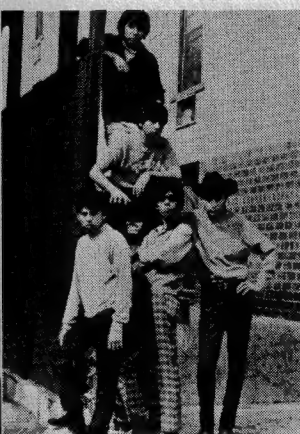
Jay & The Americans



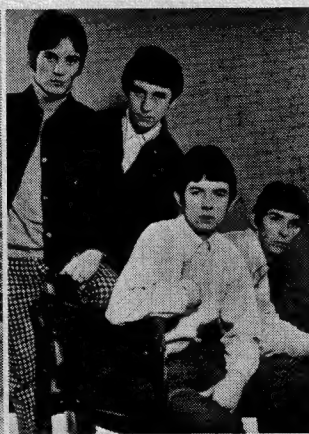
Lothar & The Hand People



Lothar



? & The Mysterians



Small Faces



Pat with Don & The Goodtimes



Hobbitts

The Hard Times: Bob, Lee, Rudy, Bill & Paul



16

**TOP FAVORITE
OF OVER
FIVE MILLION
TEENERS!**

VOL. 8

MAGAZINE

JAN. 1967

No. 8

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Georgia Winters, Consulting Editor

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16, Volume 8, Number 8, January, 1967, is published monthly by 16 Magazine, Inc. Office of Publication: 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 and 890 Stanley Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11208. Subscription (12 issues) \$3.00 in the U.S.A., single copy 25¢. Foreign prices upon request. Copyright 1967 by 16 Magazine, Inc. Reproduction in any manner, in whole or in part, in English or in other languages, prohibited. All right reserved throughout the world. Second-Class Postage Paid at New York, N.Y. and Sparta, Illinois. Printed in the U.S.A.

Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Date of filing: Oct. 1, 1966. 2. Title of publication: 16 Magazine. 3. Frequency of issue: Monthly. 4. Location of known office of publication: 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. 5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher—Jacques Chambrun, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022; Editor—Gloria Stavers, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022; Managing Editor—None. 7. Owner: 16 Magazine, Inc., 745 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022; Jacques Chambrun, 969 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation. 10. Average number copies each issue during preceding 12 months, followed (in parentheses) by single issue nearest to filing date. A. Total number copies printed (Net Press Run) 11/65 to 10/66: 973,764 (1,219,489). B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 699,617 (815,000). 2. Mail subscriptions: 43,400 (43,400). C. Total paid circulation: 743,017 (858,400). D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means: 100 (100). E. Total distribution (sum of C and D): 743,117 (858,500). F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing (unsold): 230,647 (360,989). G. Total (sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A): 973,764 (1,219,489). I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Jacques Chambrun, Publisher





Budo Kan booker Tatsuji Vashima gives the Beatles cameras.*

"THE BEATLES & ME"

BY NEIL ASPINALL

Come along through wildest Tokyo, darkest Manila and fabulous New Delhi as the Beatle boys plunge ahead on their foreign tour!

WHEN THE JAPANESE set out to do a job, they like to do it well. Our entire stay in Tokyo, during our foreign tour last summer, was organized so thoroughly that *everything* was planned to the last detail. As soon as we were installed in the huge Presidential Suite on the 10th floor of the Tokyo Hilton, the concert promoter distributed itinerary leaflets which listed each scheduled movement with typical Japanese precision:

3:27 P.M. — Beatles leave Presidential Suite.

3:28 P.M. — Beatles enter elevator.

3:29 P.M. — Beatles leave elevator in basement garage and enter Cadillacs.

3:30 P.M. — Convoy will depart for Budo Kan Arena.

"Amazing, isn't it?" said George, as he read through the intricately detailed schedule. "If I stop to blow my nose before we get into the lift, the whole day will be thrown out of gear!"

At the Budo Kan, somebody had even taken the trouble to pace out the walk from the upstairs dressing room to the back of the stage — timing it with stopwatch perfection at 45 seconds. Thus, a backstage helper would knock on the door exactly 60 seconds before the boys were due on stage. He was allowing

15 seconds for John, Paul, George and Ringo to get up from their chairs and join him at the dressing room door!

Of course, all this devotion to organizational detail had its drawbacks when the Beatles wanted to deviate from the laid-down schedule and take a sightseeing trip around the city. "We don't need a police escort or anything," insisted John. "Just tell them we'll slip out quietly in a couple of cars."

"They say that would be dangerous," I responded. "Apparently, if you are spotted in a busy part of town, there'll be a mob round in a moment."

"Dangerous?" said Ringo. "What's dangerous about a crowd of fans? We don't mind meeting fans. Anyway, we want to see something of Tokyo while we're here."

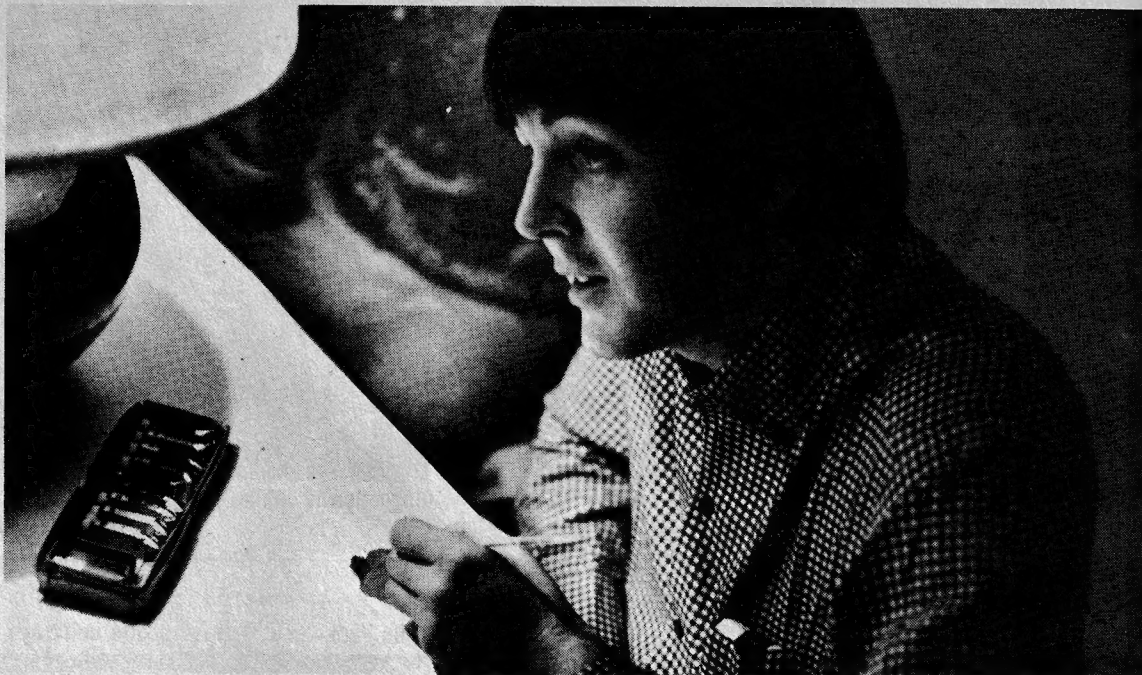
The others agreed, but the police chief stood firm on the point and said that unofficial excursions should *not* be made.

"What time's the first show?" asked George.

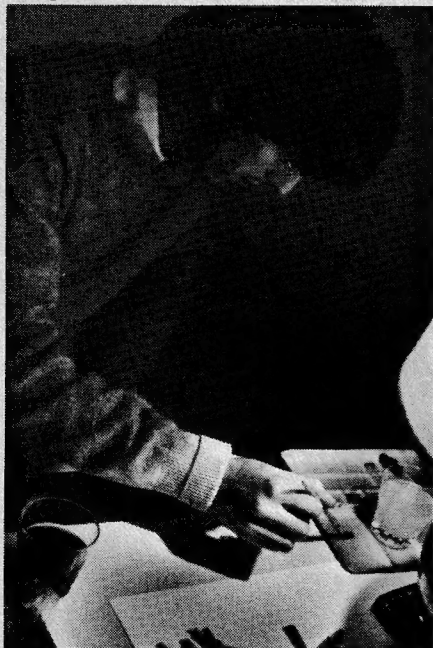
"We're to leave the Hilton at 6:30 P.M.," I replied.

"O.K. — I'll see you later," said George casually. "Coming John?" And they vanished!

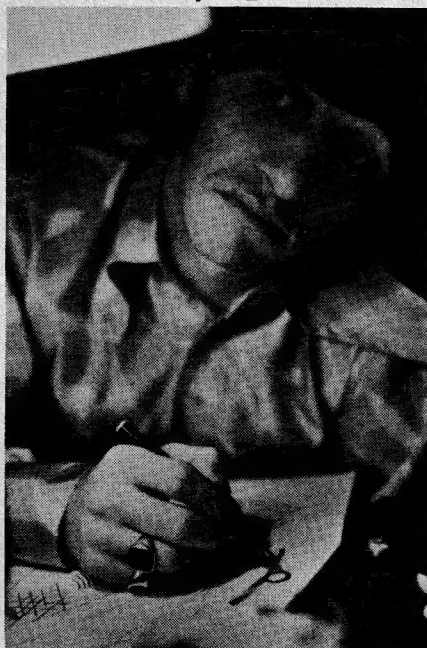
The beginning of that famous painting . . .*



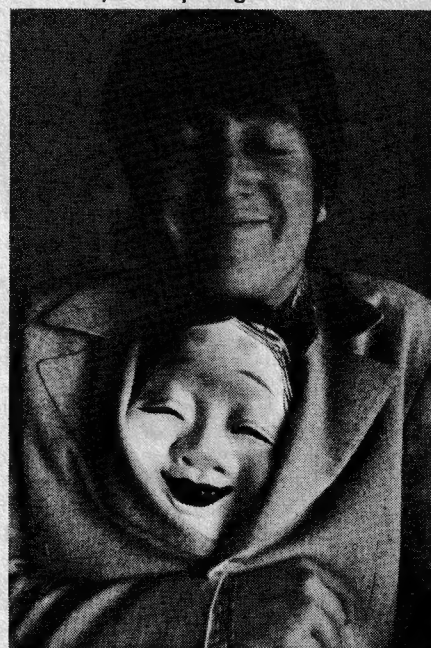
George does his share . . .*



And so does dreamy Ringo . . .*



But John prefers posing with a NO mask.*



The rest of us didn't see George or John until an hour later. When they returned, they had long faces.

"What's up?" asked Ringo. "You managed to sneak out, didn't you?"

"Yes, what have you bought?" joined in Paul.

"We didn't make it," said John sadly.

"We were caught before we even got into the lift," George went on.

Apparently, John and George had worked out what seemed like a promising escape plan. Tony Barrow, the boys' Press Officer, was going out anyway and had ordered a car to be brought over to the basement garage for him.

"We were just going to leave with him," explained George. "No fuss or police escort or anything. But we were stopped before we even left the floor!"

"There are police everywhere," concluded John. "But we'll make it tomorrow. We'll work out another plan!"

And they did. Quite early the following morning — a Friday, and the first day of July — John arranged to quietly slip out with me and Alf Bicknell. This time nobody stopped us,

because nobody expected a Beatle to be out of bed as early as ten o'clock! We took a taxi and drove 'round looking at all the sights. Eventually, we got to an ivory shop and went in to look for gifts to take home. It's the custom to take off your shoes in the non-tourist parts of Japanese shops, but the assistant obviously recognized John and realized that if a crowd gathered we might have to make a hasty departure — so he said we should keep our shoes on, just in case! John collected some little ivory statues and was fascinated by the elaborate ornaments in the shop.

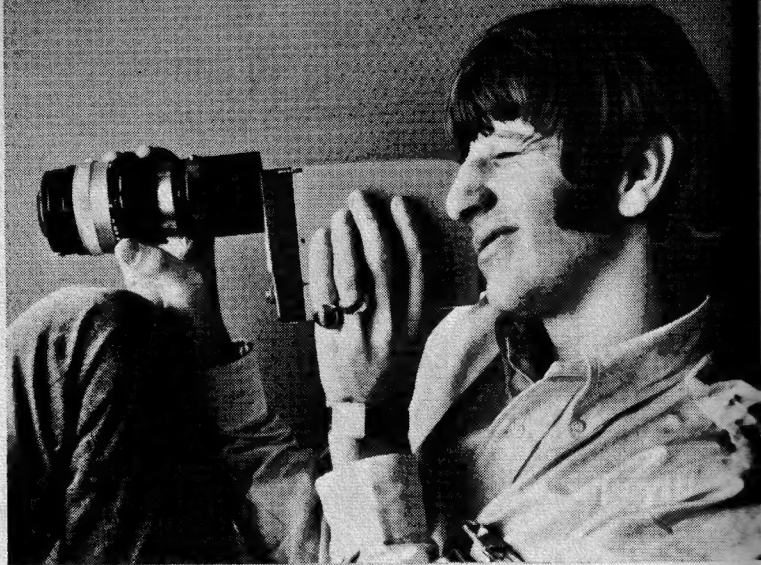
"How much is that?" he asked, pointing at an enormous ivory tower on display in the window.

"You mean that one?" queried the assistant. "I don't know. Nobody has ever asked to buy that one. It's very expensive, you know."

Later, someone else in our party priced the exquisite object at around \$25,000, but by that time John's fancy had been taken by other less expensive items. When we left, he arranged for the owner of the shop to send up a selection of goods to the hotel.



Here's a sample of Paul's brushwork.*



Ringo clowns around with a camera lens (it's backwards!) . . .*

"The others are sure to want some of this gear. It's great, isn't it?" he said.

Meanwhile, Paul had followed our example, got up early, and slipped out of the Hilton without being noticed. With Mal Evans, he drove by taxi to the Imperial Palace to take some pictures with the Nikon camera he'd been given when we arrived.

"I didn't get farther than the Palace gates, though," he told us afterwards. "There were hundreds of tourists, and they gathered 'round in a moment. Most of them were Americans, but they attracted the attention of Japanese fans in the area, and there was this blooming great riot all over the taxi in no time — so we came back home."

George and Ringo weren't left out of the Tokyo gift-buying spree, because in the three days of our stay at the Hilton an unending procession of sales men were invited to visit the 10th floor, bringing with them all sorts of wares from kimonos to traditional umbrellas. At peak periods the Presidential Suite looked more like a market place, with treasures galore laid out on tables and floors for the boys to inspect.

Oddly enough, it was one of the most simple things that gave the Beatles most pleasure. A Japanese fan club member gave them a gift of some Japanese paint brush sets. This was really the start of something! Whenever there was a lull in the stream of visitors, or an uninteresting program on the telly, out would come the paint brush sets, and all four boys would begin new designs on their enormous sheets of paper. I remember one particularly long art session running on into the night. All four boys started to draw on one sheet of paper, each claiming a particular corner and evolving a design which worked in towards the center. The whole thing took nearly seven hours to do. It was a magnificent thing, full of color and many different ideas. What happened to it? The finished painting, still scarcely dry, was presented to the fan club which had sent the paint brush sets. Each Beatle signed in the center to show which section of the painting had been done by him.

Incidentally, this sparked off a long-term interest in painting and sketching, because on more recent trips the boys have settled down to while away spare time in dressing rooms and studios by getting out brushes or felt pens and calling for sheets of paper. I think it acts as a sort of tranquilizing therapy before a big show. All through the American tour in August, it became a familiar sight to see all four boys sitting 'round a backstage table and finishing off old drawings or beginning new ones. At Candlestick Park, San Francisco, Joan Baez joined in and, at the invitation of the guy in charge of the dressing room catering, the Beatles signed paintings they'd done on his tablecloth after we'd all finished our meal and the dishes had been cleared away! (So if you were one of the many fans who managed to sneak into a Beatle's dressing room

While Paul—in a "soopa" Beatle uniform—entertains two tailors.*

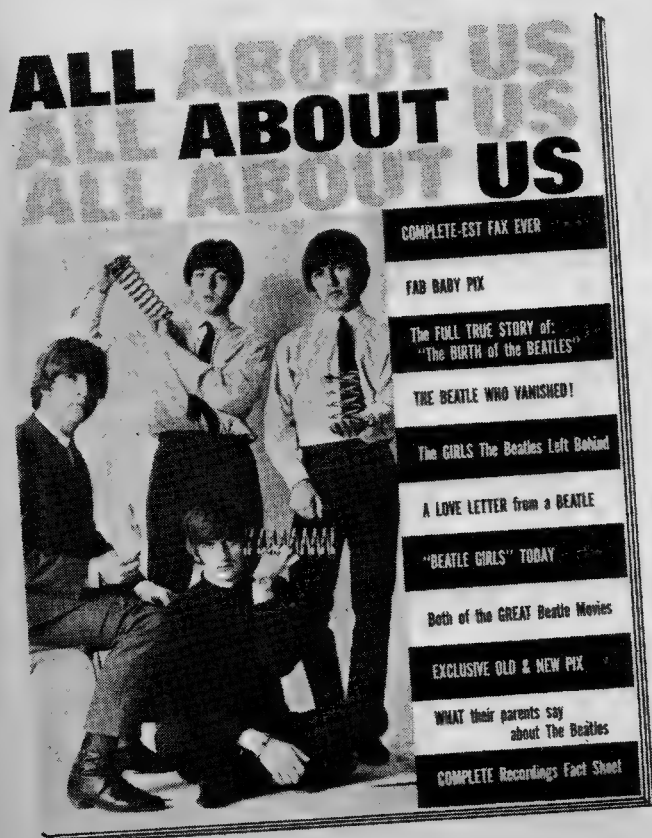




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JANUARY 1967

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"Come, fellows—this is *real* entertaining!"*



So Paul and George do their "bit" in the Budo Kan . . . *



While Ringo waves to 40,000 cheering Japanese fans.*

"THE BEATLES & ME"/ASPINALL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

after a show to hunt for souvenirs, you may have picked up a genuine Beatle painting or drawing during the August tour!)

From Tokyo, we flew to Manila via Hong Kong. There was a brief stopover at Hong Kong while we switched planes. One of the local papers seemed to have got everything a bit mixed up. On its front page, alongside a full-color portrait of the Beatles, it commented: "Three of the Beatles' wives will be travelling with them and it's also believed that Jane Asher, Paul McCartney's girl friend, is in the party. Hurried bookings had to be made after plans for an overnight stay in Hong Kong were suddenly cancelled."

In fact, neither Cyn, Maureen, Pattie nor Jane Asher were travelling with us. *Never*, since their very first trip to the U.S., have the Beatles had wives or girl friends on tour with them. It would be absurd to do so because any international tour for the Beatles is a hectic affair. Incidentally, there was never any question of an overnight stay in Hong Kong, so that newspaper was pretty far from the facts on all counts!

The catastrophic aspects of the Beatles' visit to Manila have made world headlines, and it's pointless for me to delve into the details again at this stage. Just for the record, I'll say again that neither the boys themselves nor anybody in our party ever received *any* kind of invitation to a state reception at the Presidential Palace. The first we knew of any formal luncheon at the Palace was seven hours *later*, when we were all watching the telly between performances!

At the same time, I suppose I ought to bring out here the point that somewhere between 80,000 and 100,000 Filipino Beatle people attended the group's two concerts in Manila and, despite ambiguous newspaper reports to the contrary, the crowd of fans who gathered at the airport to wave goodbye to John, Paul, George and Ringo were as shocked, surprised and disappointed as we were to hear twenty or so grown *men* booing and jeering the Beatles. Certainly, the fans themselves were not booing. Indeed, they gave the boys a great send-off, and we left feeling quite warmly towards them.

The two-night stay of the Beatles at the Oberoi Intercontinental Hotel, New Delhi, India, was planned with utmost secrecy. False names were used when the suites were reserved. Fictitious seat reservations were made for the BOAC flight from India to England. Yet, news leaked out to the extent that 100 reporters, TV crews and cameramen were waiting on the land strip as our aircraft taxied in!

Originally, only George planned to make a New Delhi stop-over. He wanted to look around and pick out some instruments for his India collection. Then John and Paul decided to join him. Up until the last minute, Ringo planned to fly straight through from Manila to London, since the Thursday of that week (July 7) was his birthday and he wanted to be at home with his family for the occasion. But when all the others (plus Brian) decided to take a lightning look at Delhi, Ringo said he'd do so, too.

We arrived at night, and by dawn 500 fans surrounded the Intercontinental Hotel. At lunchtime, the boys managed to get out of the hotel via a rear door and, using their fleet of gleaming limousines as a decoy, sped off into the downtown area in a pair of very ordinary taxis. In the evening, a Sikh sitar teacher visited the boys' suite and showed them a variety of instruments. John tried out a snake charmer's flute; George stuck to a selection of beautifully made sitars; and Ringo took simple lessons in tabla playing (a tabla being an Indian bongo drum).

"The women of India are just beautiful," commented John when we left. "Those sarees look fabulous. They seem to just sort of glide about." John, George and Ringo bought sets of elegant sarees for their wives, and all four boys purchased wood carvings for their homes.

At nine o'clock that Thursday night, we climbed aboard the BOAC jet airliner to begin the final dusk-to-dawn flight home. The boys waved to at least a thousand fans on the airport roof as our aircraft moved off towards the runway.

I truthfully think that the Beatles' homecoming from this trip was their biggest ever. Hundreds of happy Beatle fans were waiting to greet them in the dawn mist at the London Airport. It was a heart-warming sight.

Cheers for now. See you in the February issue of 16, which goes on sale December 20th.



Neil (left) gets roughed up by "tough guys" at Manila Airport. Ringo ducks and John looks startled.



Things were calmer in India, where George bought sitars.



Meet Johnny Lennon—snake charmer!

A Bobby and Brian's secretary help rescue Paul at London Airport.



Back home again—yeah, yeah, yeah!

Fans give John his happiest homecoming.





HEY!

YOU

CAN

WIN

FANG'S

"FANG"!





Yes, YOU—and nobody else but YOU—can get Fang's famous "Fang" necklace plus a host of other fabulous gifts straight from Fang himself! Read on and see how crazy-easy it is!

HELLO, ME LITTLE LOVES! It's me — I — well, anyway, your favorite (I hope) friend — the fabulous, frenetic, famous (?), frolicsome but ever-faithful Fang! And have I got something for YOU!!

FIRST OFF, see this here charming bit of magic I am wearing around my (strong, sun-tanned — natch) neck? Well, I want it to belong to *you*. In other words, I want to give my beloved and world-famous "fang" necklace to *you* — and nobody *but* YOU.

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! I also want to write a long, private, *handwritten* letter just to *you*. AND FURTHERMORE — I want to go to the greatest shirt shop in this whole wide world and personally select a super-gorgeous, outasite De Voss shirt — in my favorite color, design and print, of course — and that, too, is only for *you*!

AS IF ALL THAT WERE NOT ENOUGH, when I get through gathering together all the goodies described above, I am going to wrap them into a beautiful gift package and — with a bonus super-surprise, *very personal present* added (something you can show your friends and prove that I *do* dig you) — I am going to mail the whole kit and kaboodle off to you!

ASIDE FROM ALL THAT, I am also going to send you a big, glossy portrait with a special message from me to you written on it (by *me*, of course) PLUS (get this!) a full year's free subscription to our fave mag — 16 Magazine.

NOW, I hope that all of you Raider Rooters and all of you Fang Followers (there are *some* out there, aren't there?) don't think I'm conceited or anything by raving on like this about *me* and *you* — and what I want to do for you. Fact is, all you groovey-groovey 16-ers have helped to make my life so full and rich that I want to do something to repay you and to show you how grateful I am.

IN most of your letters to me, you ask for something from me, like a gift (my "fang" necklace, for instance) — or any of the prizes I've mentioned here — so I decided to give these things to you, and to do it through 16. I hope you approve — and that you care — and that I'll be hearing from you very soon!

NOW, since every contest must have rules (sorry!), 16's editor, Gloria Stavers, takes over here and has a few instructions for you.

INSTRUCTIONS

Now that Fang has told you all about the fab gifts he wants to send you, you're undoubtedly on the edge of your chair and chomping your fingernails with suspense wondering what you have to do to make all his presents yours and yours alone! Well, don't fret, pets. What you have to do is so

simple and easy anybody can zip through it — and here it is:

Just write a one-page letter entitled: "Why I Love Fang." Make your letter warm and sincere (like you were alone with Fang, sitting beside him, and telling him very simply just how you feel about him). Write on *one* side of the sheet only (don't write on the back).

When you've finished, fill in the coupon you see here, cut it out and mail the coupon — with your letter attached to it — to the address on the coupon. That's absolutely ALL you have to do!

Fang himself will read every letter submitted in the contest — and he will choose the one letter which, in his judgment, is the best from the standpoint of warmth and sincerity and honest feeling. The writer of this letter will be awarded all the grand prizes described. In addition, Fang will pick the five next best letters — and the senders of these letters will each receive a personally autographed glossy portrait of Fang and a free full year's subscription to 16 Magazine.

Fang wants YOU to win his personal keepsakes — and YOU can! So hop to it and write your letter right away!

IMPORTANT! YOU CANNOT ENTER 16's "FANG'S FANG" CONTEST UNLESS YOU USE THIS COUPON! FILL IT IN, CUT IT OUT AND MAIL IT NOW!

"WIN FANG'S FANG" CONTEST JANUARY 1967

Please enroll me in 16's "Win Fang's Fang" Contest. My letter is attached to this coupon.

PLEASE PRINT

MY NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZIP CODE

STATE

Mail this coupon with your letter to:

"WIN FANG'S FANG" CONTEST

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022



LONDON/NOW!

16's Own "Soopa-Secret" Agent—A Swinging Stateside Bird—Flies To The U.K. And Cables You All The Latest London Happenings!

WHAT A knock-out city! The London teens youngset is into quite a few things and they can't help being noticed in a city so old and steeped in tradition! There's so much happening that I don't know where to start. Things like—**Brian Jones** has moved from his little white mews cottage into a beautiful flat in the same swinging section of Chelsea; and that people on the London pop scene just can't stop raving about 18-year-old **Stevie Winwood** (the genius lead singer-guitarist-organist-pianist for the Spencer Davis Group); and—well, let's see: if I tried very hard to think of who you most want to read about, who would it be? Mmmm—yes, I believe I know.

Paul McCartney is settled in his fantastic home in St. John's Wood with his black and white kitten *Thisby* and a sheepdog puppy (whose name changes daily). The puppy made her show-business debut at the age of seven weeks, when she was heard wailing in the background of an interview Paul did one Saturday afternoon for BBC Radio! It seems that Old English sheepdog puppies don't know who Paul McCartney is and, when they're seven weeks old, they would rather be with their mothers! But I'm glad to report that the baby sheepdog, (who is also black and white, and has no tail) is ecstatic in her new home and spends her mornings chasing "Thisby" up trees in the back garden. (Englishmen never have back yards—or even front yards—only back gardens and front gardens.)

Fans discovered the location of Paul's house within a month of the time he moved in and, as well meaning they might be, are still completely disrupting the quiet, tree-lined street where the only Beatle bachelor lives. There is a fine mesh screen covering Paul's beautiful front gate which prevents love messages from being scratched there.

Ringo took **Maureen** out to discos **Dolly's** and **Sybilla's** on the night of her 20th birthday. She was wearing one of her presents from **Ringo**—a beautiful ruby and diamond "eternity ring". (Important note: three years ago, she was **Ringo's** bird "Mo". Now she is never called anything but **Maureen**—and she's every bit as lovely as her name.)

Sybilla's, incidentally, is a very expensive, very swinging club. But it is not exclusively **George Harrison's** club. That is to say, he is certainly not hanging out there every night greeting each arriving customer (or even sitting in a corner enjoying himself with friends). He goes there, just as you

and I would, when he wants a lively evening out.

Mick Jagger and **Chrissie Shrimpton** recently were in a car accident in Marylebone (which is the same section of London where *Wimpole Street* is—and you know which famous brother and sister live on that street). Mick and Chrissie were not hurt, but Mick's 5,000 pound (\$15,000), practically new **Aston Martin** was rather a mess. No one has heard the slightest whisper of a wedding for Mick and Chrissie but, on the other hand, no one has seen either of them out with any one else for the past year. If it's any comfort to you, they seem to make each other very happy.

Chrissie shares her groovey hairdresser, **Howard**, with **Peter** and **Gordon**! . . . **Gordon** just bought a flash silver-blue Bentley and is no longer dating model **Vickie Hodge**. **Sharon Sheeley** and her mom were **Gordon's** house guests in London in late summer. . . **Indica**, the book shop and art gallery that **Peter** owns with his friends, **John Dunbar** and **Miles**, is going so well that the bookshop has moved into its own premises. Address: 102 Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1, England. **Miles**, who has read the entire **Tibetan Book Of The Dead** (among other things), says thank you to all the 16-ers who have ordered books from **Indica**. Every inquiry has been answered with a letter personally signed by **Peter**—so, to all you who have one of **Indica's** pop book lists, that really is **Peter's** signature at the bottom—even if you can't read it!

In the "New Wave" of pop stars, it's the Small Faces Small Faces Small Faces! **Cher** told 16 editor **Gloria Stavers** about them a whole year ago! They're every bit as big as you said they would be, **Cher**. Or rather, not big—the tallest Small Face is only five feet and five inches tall, but they are giant in the hearts of their fans—and that's everybody—because Small Faces are never ever rude to their loyal supporters. **Steve Marriott** used to be an actor, was in a London production of **Peter Pan** a few years ago. He was one of the **Lost Children**, and **Jane Asher** was **Wendy**. He also did BBC Radio broadcasts with **Peter Asher**.

Bye, now. I'm off to buy a PVC raincoat for this lovely London mist. PVC is English for vinyl and **Aqua Sprite** has PVC everything—including full-length evening coats! See you soon.



Paul McCartney's house.



Mick and crushed Aston Martin.



Miles and Peter



John Dunbar

Stevie

Small Faces





What's YOUR problem, little girl?

Are you SHY?

Unpopular?

TOO FAT?

TOO SKINNY?

TOO TALL?

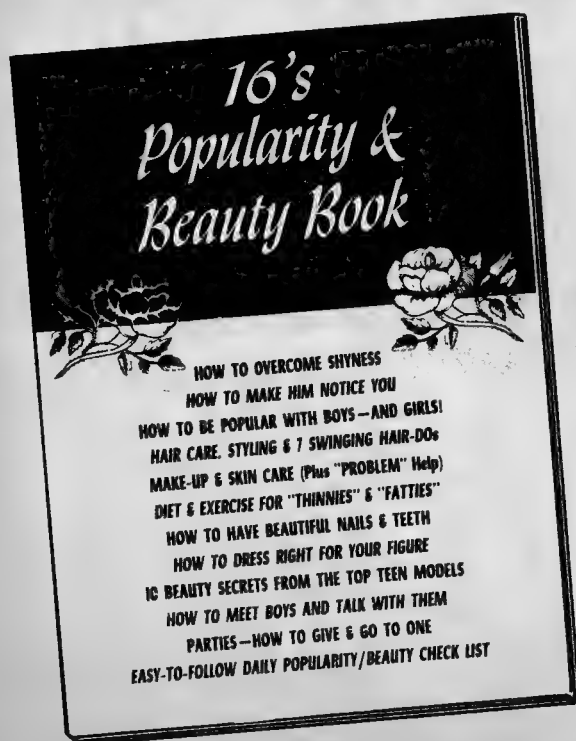
TOO SHORT?

**In other words—
DO YOU need help?!**



Weep & Worry NO More—Here's your Answer!

Send for this marvelous new BOOK



LEARN HOW to overcome shyness. How to get *him* to notice you. Here's a foolproof easy-to-follow step-by-step program that can help make a new *you*—in just weeks! It gives you tried-and-true hints on hair, make-up, grooming, clothes, dieting, exercises. How to make, and keep friends of both sexes. How to act, look and be like you've always wanted! Just clip and mail this coupon today!

JANUARY 1967

"16'S POPULARITY & BEAUTY BOOK"

Please send me this book. I enclose a one dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT:

NAME.....AGE.....

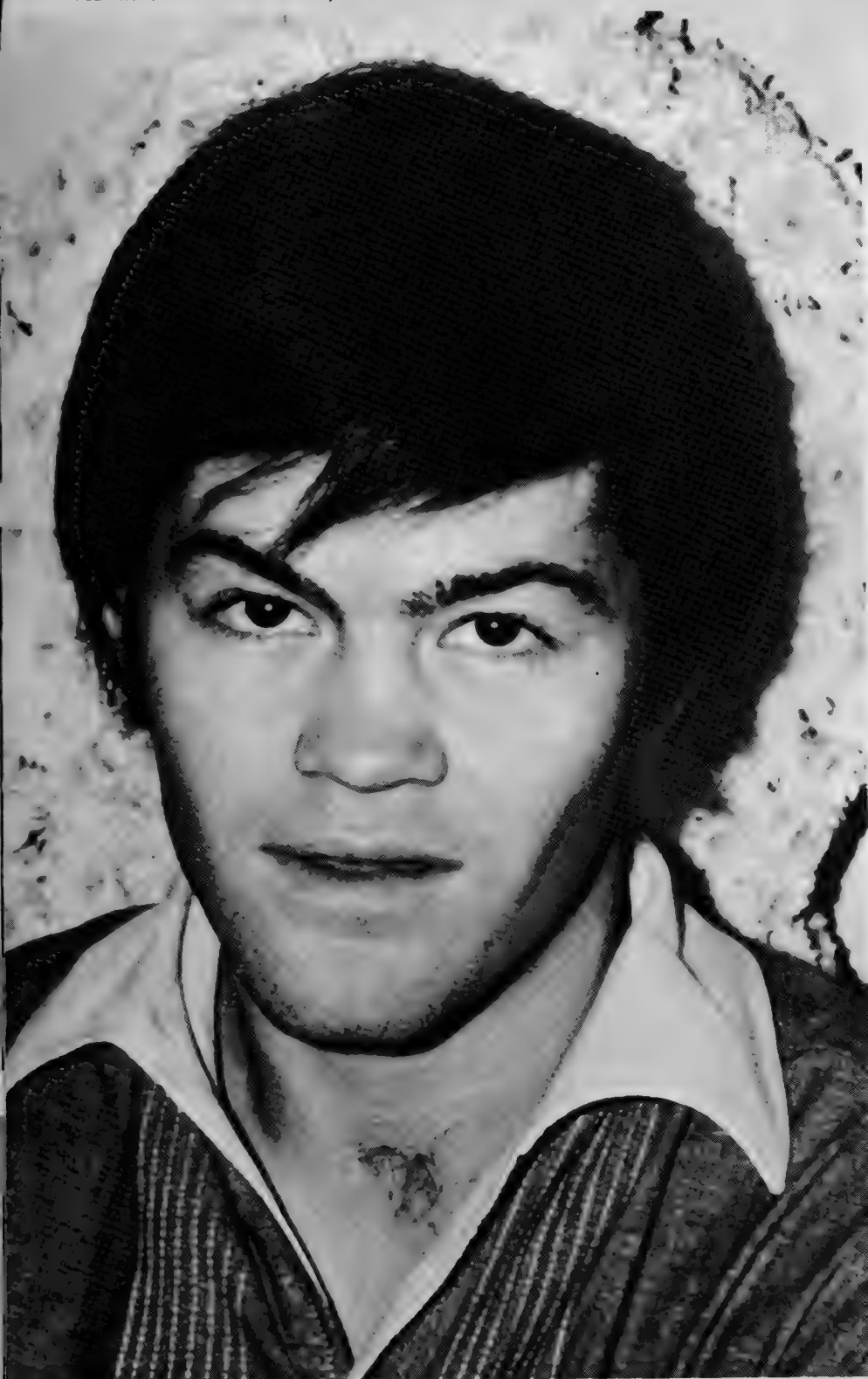
ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZIP CODE.....

STATE.....

Mail coupon to: **"POPULARITY-BEAUTY BOOK"**

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022



MICKY DOLENZ

My real name (ha-ha!) is Haver-shap Spleenblaum, but you can call me Micky — with no e.

I am the world's biggest teaser (wait and see!).

I was born in the middle of Big Bear Lake, in the mountains of California.

I am only seven and one-half inches tall.

I have red eyes and fuschia hair.

I don't think I'll ever get married.

Among my many accomplishments is my ability to play comb and wax paper — and artichoke.

My favorite color is invisible.

I don't like girls who like okra.

I do like girls with long hair or short hair — no matter what, I like to get in their hair.

"40 SECRETS WE NEVER TOLD"

BY THE MONKEES

NBC-TV's ZANY NEW STARS
DROP SOME WAY-DOWN
SECRETS IN YOUR EARS
WHILE THEY DRIVE YOU
UP THE WALL!

DAVY JONES

My middle name is Thomas — but please don't tell.

My nick, of course, is Davy — but my secret nick is "Frito."

I am five feet and five inches tall.

I used to hate being short, but I don't mind it anymore.

My dad's name is Harry Thomas.

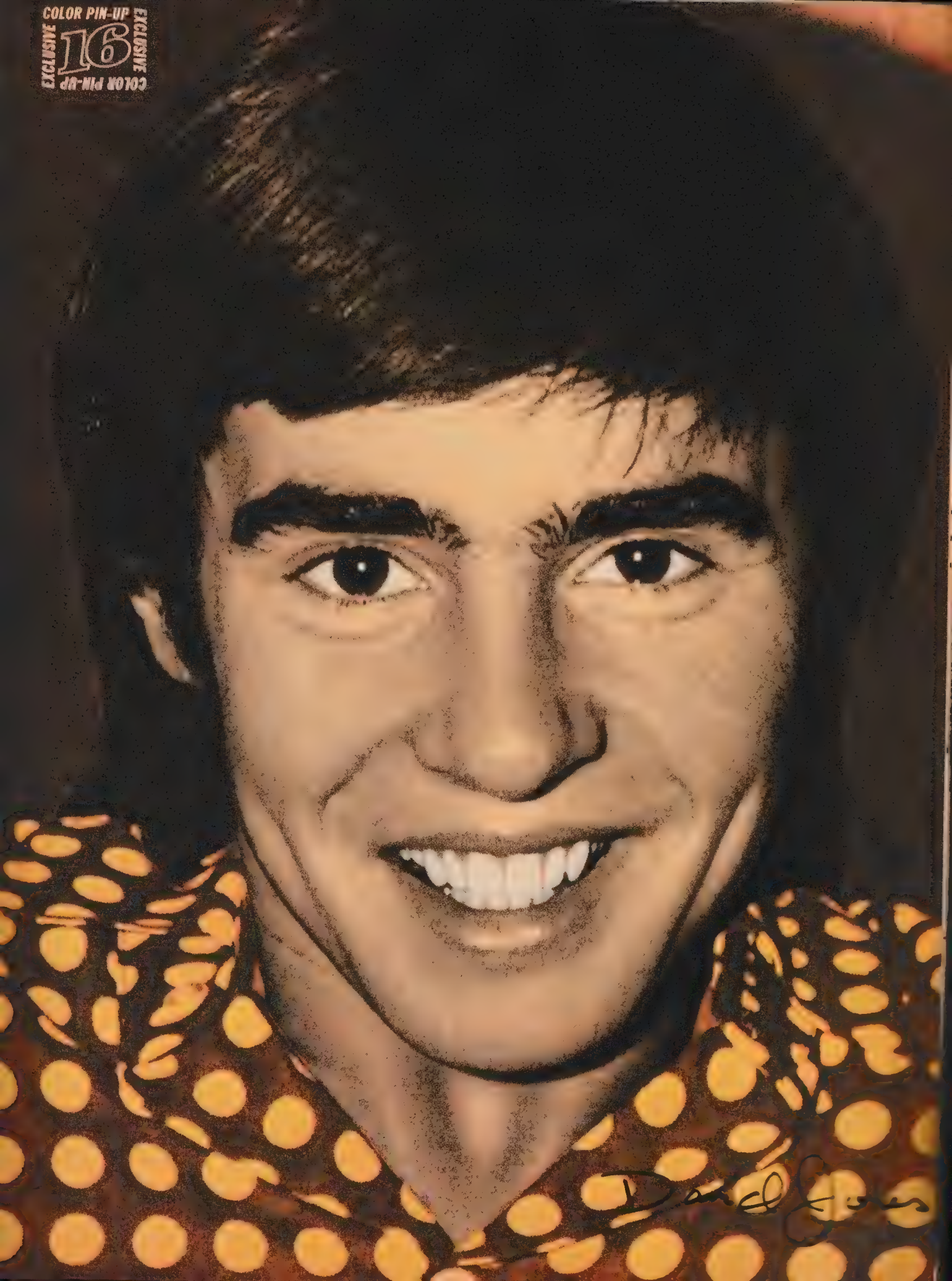
I have three older sisters: Hazel, Beryl and Lynda — all in their twenties.

The family still lives in a small but very nice house in Manchester, England (where I was born).

I live in a beautiful home in the Hollywood Hills, with a bay window overlooking a spectacular view.

When do I plan to get married? Well, let's see — how about 1974?

I have a secret crush on Barbara Streisand!



Daniel Jones



MIKE NESMITH

My real name is Michael — and I hate to be called “Wool Hat”.

Most girls called me Wonderful until they shortened it to “Wondy”.

I live in a *secret* place in Hollywood, with my dog — named “Spotte”.

Would you believe? — I am an introvert! (I really am).

I really don't like to look at TV, as most shows are

very boring.

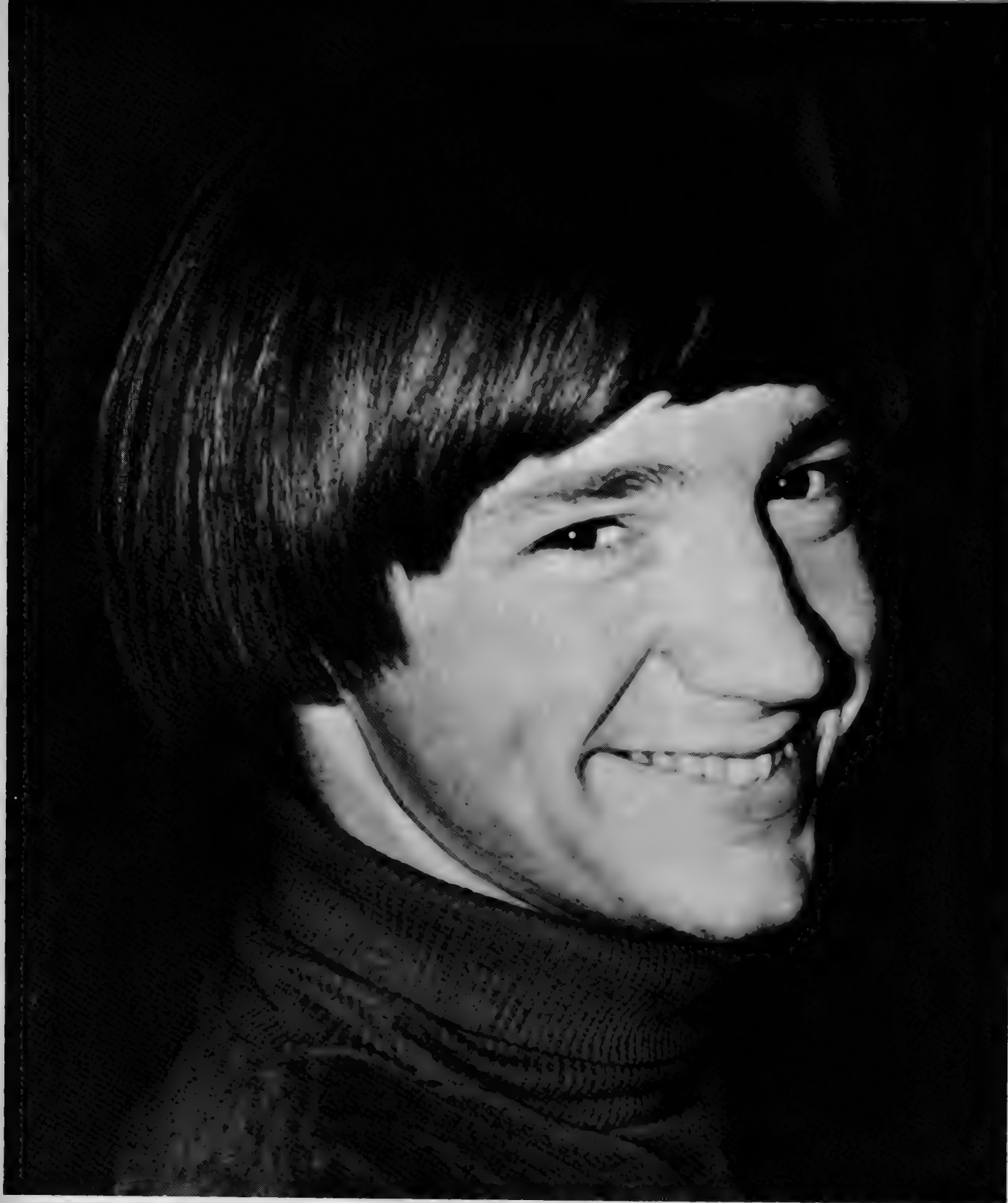
I have a fatal weakness for kippered guppy.

I have a Honda motor bike, a '56 Chevy, a Jeep, a Buick Riviera — and I am about to buy a Ford GTO.

I like unpretentious girls — a chick is a chick is a chick.

When I am alone, I play the kazoo — wouldn't you?

I have no ambition except, maybe, to own a new hat.



PETER TORK

Are you ready for my real name? It is Peter Halsten Thorkelson.

My nickname is "Tork".

I have two younger brothers — Nick and Christopher, and a younger sister named Ann Elizabeth.

I live in a big house in Hollywood — all alone (would you like to come over?).

I play French horn on the sneak.

Sophia Loren drives me up the wall.

The Avengers was the best show on TV — naturally, it's

no longer on TV.

I love love — if you love everything, all things are possible.

I like girls who have *smarts* — not dumb, dig?

One day, I would like to be President of the United States.

You can write to the Monkees at 1334 North Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, California. Mention 16 and you will get a prompt answer.



WING OFF TO DREAMSVILLE

**WITH A
TICKET
FROM 16!**



GOT A WISH? GOT A DREAM? GOT A SECRET LONGING you just can't shake off? Well, then, climb aboard 16's jet express to Dreamsville, where dreams come true and wishes and longings are satisfied to a degree that will flip you onto a cloud so far out you may never make it back to earth again!

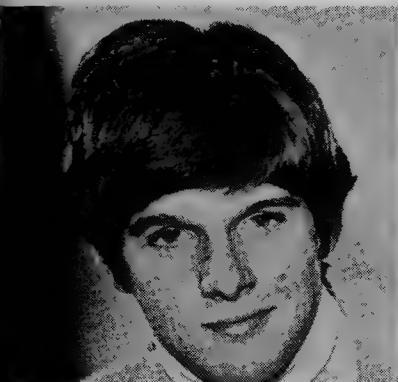
Hard to believe? Want proof positive? Cast your eyes at the facing page—and you'll see all the dreamy evidence you need. Each girl whose name and home town is printed there is a 16 reader who made a wish, dreamed a dream or yearned for something absolutely delightful—and got it! How? Why, just by writting a letter—a simple, easy one-page letter—to 16 Magazine telling exactly what her wish, her dream or her longing was. It was up to 16 to make it all come true. And that's exactly what your fave magazine did—as you can see by the dreamy presents each girl received!

You, too, can wing off to Dreamsville, just as easily! All you need do is write a short letter (on *one* side of the sheet only!) telling what you would dearly love to have. Could be a personal phone call — or a personal letter — from your favorite star. Could be a personal keepsake from your

dream guy. Could be a pin-up portrait personally autographed by your grooviest group. Could be a whole set of recordings from the top of the charts. Could be any number of delicious things. It's *your* request — so *you* name it. Jot it down on a sheet of paper and mail it to the address below:

**"DREAMSVILLE"
16 MAGAZINE
BOX 218
BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11202**

After you've mailed your letter, don't fail to get every issue of 16 Magazine and watch the Dreamsville answers page—because that's where you'll see the glorious news that everything you wished for, dreamed of, longed for has come true!



DID YOU WIN A TRIP TO DREAMSVILLE? LOOK AND SEE!!

MIKA MARK of Detroit, Mich., is sitting right in the middle of cloud 199 after having her *Dreamsville* wish granted by the **Beatles** — **John, Paul, George** and **Ringo**. The fab four sent her an autographed copy of their latest Capitol LP, *Revolver*, and **John**, her top favorite, sent her a personally autographed picture.

Paul Revere & The Raiders have each written a special note in an autograph book and sent it to **ELIZABETH TEDRICK** of Verplanck, N.Y., and made her *Dreamsville* wish come true. **Paul, Smitty, "Fang", Mark** and **Harpo** also sent **ELIZABETH** a bonus surprise present — an autographed copy of their latest Columbia LP, *Midnight Ride With Paul Revere & The Raiders*.

TERESA BOWDLER of Henryetta, Okla., is sitting in seventh heaven with a stuffed animal that was personally selected for her by her favorite singer, **Keith Allison**. **Keith** further contributed to **TERESA's** *Dreamsville* wish by sending a personally autographed picture of himself.

PATRICIA LINK of Bloomington, Ind., received her first-class ticket to *Dreamsville* from handsome **Dino Martin, Jr.** **Dino** is putting **PAT** on a groovy pink cloud by sending her a large, autographed picture, a copy of the latest **Dino, Desi & Billy** LP, and a surprise gift that he selected especially for her!

Monkee fan **SUSAN BLALOCK** of Duncan, Okla., should be as happy as a lark by now. She got personally autographed picture of the four new TV sensations, a present selected by **Davy Jones** on his recent New York visit, and a copy of their latest Colpix

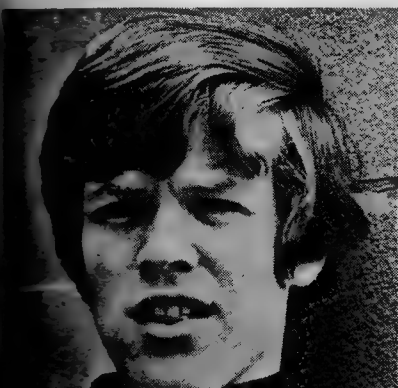
single, "*Last Train To Clarksville*." It should send her on her first train to *Dreamsville*.

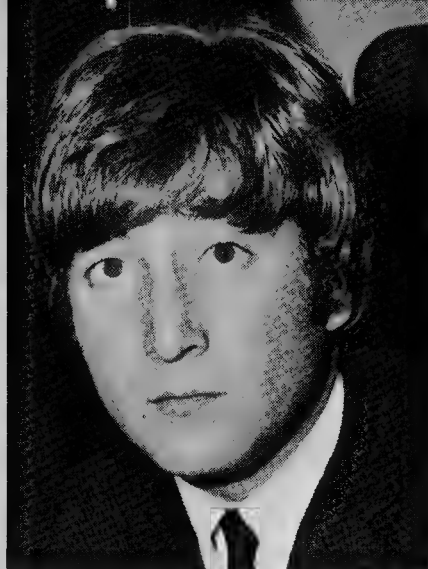
16 Magazine Editor **Gloria Stavers** has sent **TERE HARKINS** of Graham, Wash., to *Dreamsville* by giving her a full year's free subscription to **16 Magazine**, plus a bonus surprise kit of **16** goodies

Phil "Fang" Volk of the **Raiders** has sent lucky **16-er LINDA LAST** of Chicago to *Dreamsville* — and then some. **Fang** is sending her a **Raider** Rooter hat, an autographed stuffed animal, a big picture of himself, and his latest **Raider** Columbia single, *In My Community* (coupled with *Great Airplane Strike*).

JOAN BOND of Bristol, Rhode Island, has had her long-time *Dreamsville* wish granted by dashing **David McCallum**. He sent her a personally autographed picture, and a bonus surprise gift selected just for her.

Long-time **Herman** fan **DIANNE KNUTSON** of Antigo, Wisc., is wiggling out in *Dreamsville* after having her dreams come true courtesy of the fabulous leader of the **Hermits** — **Herman** himself! **Herman** sent her an autographed picture, his latest LP, a personally selected gift, and a full year's subscription to **16 Magazine**. Who said that dreams don't come true? They do in *Dreamsville*!





BEATLES' SECRET PLANS

16 gazes into the "Beatles' crystal ball" to see what 1967 will bring you from Paul, George, John and Ringo.

NO MATTER WHAT the Beatles do, the whole world knows they will be financially secure for the rest of their luxurious lives. The hard cash they've carefully invested since the beginning of 1963 will bring them and their families a more than substantial income—forever. So what on earth could the Beatles want to do now? What are

their **real** plans for the future? Let's gaze into the "Beatles' crystal ball" and see what the year 1967 will bring you from John, Paul, George and Ringo.

It's very likely that the Beatles will cut down on concert tours. They're known to dislike traveling (particularly by air) and nobody enjoys living out of a suitcase in a different hotel room every night—and it certainly can't be any fun to be hauled about in the darkness and discomfort of an armored car or delivery truck, which is often necessary for Beatle-security. On the other hand, the boys enjoy doing **live** shows more than anything else, so what comes out of the crystal ball is the following verdict: **They will reduce the number of concerts they do, concentrate on a limited number of really big "arena" dates and will probably do a tour of the U.K. before or after they start their movie.**

Television Appearances: JPG&R will definitely do one or two TV specs in '67. They'll probably be done in England, and more than likely will be released in America some time this coming spring or summer. The boys will also be doing film clips for various variety shows in England and America. They haven't decided just which yet.

Recording: Just about now, the Beatles are working on new tunes and recordings at London's EMI Studios. They plan to spend from four to six months in record sessions in 1967. Next to live performances, "creating" new records—both singles and LP's—is the thing they enjoy most.

Making Movies: Everybody knows the Beatles will probably start their next movie early in '67. The boys will aim their future movies at the widest possible audience. They won't make "pop" films as such anymore, and they will not accept anything but the best and most original scripts. Paul, George and Ringo plan to accept guest star roles in outside movies—just as John Lennon has done. Once again, they'll only accept "choice" roles—so it may be as late as 1969 before you see—say, Paul McCartney starring in a romantic lead.

Personal Plans: The unpredictable Beatles carry on their private lives as usual—that is, as they bloody well please, without regard to the "image-makers'" ideas for them. John had his first taste of serious film-making recently in *How I Won The War*, and it didn't sit too well with the laconic Lennon. His terse analysis was, "I took part because I'm still trying to find out what I want to do with my life. I thought acting was it, but now I know bloody well it isn't. I have no intention of becoming a film star. I couldn't stand it for a career. Actors have it even draggier than we do in the pop business". So what's next for John? Your guess is as good as anybody's—including his.

On the other hand, George is headed in quite a **definite** direction. He and Pattie enjoyed an illuminating and rewarding sojourn in India this fall. To George, Eastern



music is not a passing fancy. He has become deeply involved in the complicated classical music of the sitar. Without a doubt this, and his interest in ancient wisdom, will continue to occupy a great deal of his time, whether he's in London or the Far East.

Ringo, Maureen and Zak Starr are quietly living a peaceful country home life together. Occasionally, they drive into London for an evening's rave-up. In their life together, they seem to have found, except for Ringo's interest in the Beatles-as-a-group, all they need or want.

Meanwhile, back in St. John's Wood, popular Paul McCartney spends a great deal of time in his beautiful new house (it's really old, but he had it remodeled), still working on interior decoration and still creating great words and music which will propel the Beatles to even higher creative heights. There's only one thing that's bugging him—he **still can't read music!** He says, "I've tried three times in my life to learn, but I never kept at it. The last bloke I went to was great. I'm sure he can teach me a lot. I think I'll go back to him."

Good idea. The Beatles have plenty of time.



GIANT BEATLE COLOR CHANCE! POSTER! LAST CHANCE! CHANCE! LAST CHANCE! LAST CHANCE! ALL COLOR and a yard WIDE



HOW WOULD YOU like an enormous, beautiful, living color, super-giant pin-up of the fabfour Beatles — George, John, Ringo & Paul? Here's two feet by three feet of bigger than kissin-size sparkling Beatle Beauty for you to pin up on your bedroom wall — or wherever you choose.

In this gorgeous Beatle color poster the distinct personality of each of the boys literally leaps out at you. This is not a fuzzy faraway print but an enormous close-up, pin-up of George, John, Ringo & Paul together — smiling, laughing and looking straight into your eyes! This enormous living color poster is an absolute must for every Beatle lover.

How do you get this once-in-a-lifetime offer? Very simple! Just print your name and address on the coupon and cut out the coupon and send it along with one-dollar — only one-dollar — to Beatles Color Poster, 16 Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. And in a matter of a few short days you will be receiving your very own super-huge, smashing color poster of George, John, Ringo & Paul.

**HAVE THE BIGGEST BEATLE
PIN-UP IN YOUR GANG!**

BEATLES GIANT POSTER JAN. 1967

Please send me 16's BEATLES GIANT POSTER.
I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZIP CODE

STATE

Mail this coupon to:

BEATLES GIANT POSTER

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

the "fan"tastic adventures of the Dave Clark 5!



by Rick Picone

If you would dearly love to meet the DC5 - or any other fab-fave group - DON'T go about it like "The Torpedo"!

HELLO — it's me, **Rick Picone** (Road Manager for the Dave Clark 5), back again to resume my DC5 series in *16 Magazine*. This issue, I think I'll tell you a little bit about *you*. Or maybe I should say about *fans*.

As you can imagine, Dave and the boys have had some really great, wonderful, wacky and even *scary* times with their enthusiastic American following. There are many types of fans, and I'm going to describe a few to you. The first category covers those who have learned that yelling, screaming, crying, fighting, knocking down police barricades and breaking down doors just *doesn't* get you in to meet the stars. Here's a perfect example of what I mean: (Later, I will tell you what *does* get you in to meet the stars.)

The very first time the Dave Clark 5 came to the United States in the spring of 1964, they stayed at the Warwick Hotel in New York City. There were many fans gathered around the hotel during the boys' stay there. There was one rather large girl who was so obstreperous that the boys couldn't help but notice her even though she scared them half to death.

On the day we all left the hotel in the limo to go to the airport to begin the tour, we looked out the back window

of the car and we saw this same big girl there. She was knocking down all the other fans as she plowed through them, screaming hysterically. She was dressed in a very loud dress and had lots of make-up on, and her blonde hair was teased high up on her head. She charged after the car, yelling madly — and it wasn't funny. When she finally realized she could never catch up with the car, she hopped into an empty cab and ordered the driver to follow us. By dodging in and out of traffic, we lost the cab and as we did, we saw this fan batting the poor cab driver over the head with her handbag!

Well, when we returned to New York at the end of the tour — guess what? There she was again, standing in front of the Warwick bigger than life and twice as vivacious. As we dashed into the hotel we discovered that Mike Smith was "her man." Like, you couldn't miss it. She lunged ferociously at Mike. She barreled right through the crowd like a torpedo. In fact, that was when and where and why we name her "The Torpedo." Upstairs in our room, Mike was in shock. "Rick", he pleaded with me, "don't *ever* let her get hold of me. Please promise me you won't. She'll *kill* me. I know it."



I gave Mike my word, but I had fleeting doubts. *What about me? What if she gets hold of me while I'm trying to protect him? Oh, well, I thought after a while, we'll never see her again.*

A few months later, Dave, Mike, Denis, Rick and Lenny returned for *The Ed Sullivan Show*. I picked them up at the airport. This time, we drove to the City Squire Inn. Do I have to tell you who was standing in front of the garage entrance, waiting for us? Right — “The Torpedo.” She threw herself right on the hood of the car and started screaming and yelling for Mike at the top of her very loud voice. We *had* to stop. The crowd closed in as the police tried to pry her away. They couldn't. It was like she was *glued* to our car. It took five cops to get her loose and she fought them tooth and nail all the way. Upstairs, we had a war conference, just like any bunch of generals defending life and limb. Dave instructed our security guards to keep an eye out for “**The Torpedo.**” I know he felt bad about this. It's the first time in his life he ever had to specify that *maybe* a certain fan might be dangerous to the group.

During our three-day stay, Mike aged five years. Every time we got into the car he would huddle down on the floor. He was really sincerely terrified of “The Torpedo.”

For the next four consecutive tours, this situation got worse. Of course, there were thousands and thousands of wonderful fans, but there was also that fringe of girls like “The Torpedo” who just seemed to go crazy at the sight of the Dave Clark 5 — and this one girl became the symbol of them all.

The really bad thing was that what “The Torpedo” wanted more than *anything else in the world* was the very thing she couldn't get. She wanted to touch or speak to one of the boys, particularly Mike. She wanted a souvenir, an autograph, a phone call or a photo. Meanwhile, most of the other girls — those fans who were calm and polite — got what they wanted, and here was this one truly avid DC5 raver who desperately loved the group and who couldn't get *anything* from the guys. They actually were afraid to even look her way.

Well, the last time Dave, Mike, Denis, Rick and Lenny came back to New York was in June 1966, and it was then that a miracle happened. I don't have enough space left to tell you about it in this issue, but I will tell you all about that miracle and another kind of fan — “The Rose” — in the February issue of 16. It goes on sale December 20th. See you then!



LOOK MA, I'M LAUGHING!

16 will pay \$1 for every joke published in "Look Ma I'm Laughing!". And for the joke selected as "Joke of the Month," we'll pay \$5.

We'll also pay \$2 for each drawing we publish here (please submit them, if possible, in black ink on white paper or board).

IMPORTANT: No drawings will be returned to the senders unless they are accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes with cardboard enclosed — the envelopes large enough to accommodate the drawings.

So come on — make us laugh! Send your jokes to: "Look Ma I'm Laughing!", 16 Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N.Y. 10202. AND BE SURE TO WRITE YOUR FULL NAME AND FULL ADDRESS ON EACH PAGE OF MATERIAL YOU MAIL!

P.S. Many of the jokes we receive are the same; for this reason, the sender whose entry bears the earliest postmark will be credited with the joke and awarded the cash.

"Well," the father congratulated, "you usually talk on the phone for two hours, but this call took only 45 minutes. What happened?"

"Wrong number," said his teen-age daughter.

JOY RASBURG, Fort Worth, Texas

Davey: "When is your sister thinking of getting married?"

Mickey: "Constantly."

NANCY MOORE, Elmwood Park, Ill.

Steve: "This liniment makes my arm smart."

Zal: "Why don't you rub some on your head?"

GRACE GARCIA, Brooklyn, N.Y.

One teenage gossip to another: "I won't go into details. I've already told you more about it than I heard myself . . ."

LILIAM RODRIGUEZ, Miami, Fla.

Soupie: "Paul says he's going to marry the prettiest girl in the world."

Groupie: "The idea! Why, I hardly know him!"

DEBBY SANDIE OLIN, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Hot-rodder: "It won't go up hills! You said this car was a fine machine."

Dealer: "I said, 'On the level — it's a fine car.'"

SHARON LEE, Parlin, N.J.

Ringo: "The horse I was riding wanted to go one way and I wanted to go another."

John: "Who won?"

Ringo: "He tossed me for it."

DENNIS RUARK, Sallisaw, Okla.

Teener: "Will you cash this check, please?"

Teller: "Can you identify yourself?"

Teener (looking in her mirror):

"Yeah, it's me, all right."

SUSIE PARKER, Norfolk, Va.

DAFFYNITIONS

Pigeon-toed — half pigeon, half toad.

Rust — metal illness.

Hot rod — a branding iron.

Pole vault — safe where lumber's kept.

DAN HOFMUSTER, Baltimore, Md.

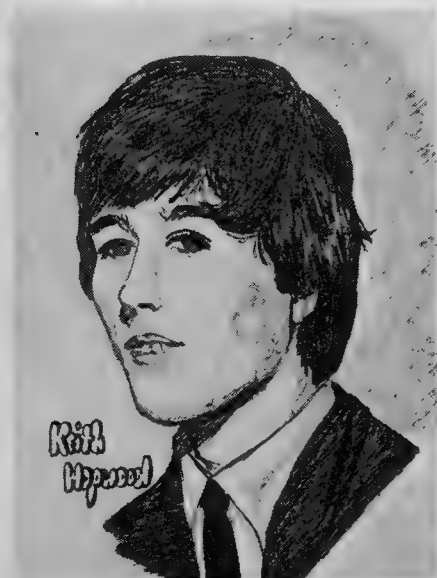
JOKE OF THE MONTH

\$5 PRIZE WINNER!

DEBBIE SANDIE OLIN, Brooklyn, N.Y.

PETER: "I've just read a fantastic book called *What Fifty Million Women Want!*"

GORDON: "Oh, did they spell my name right?"



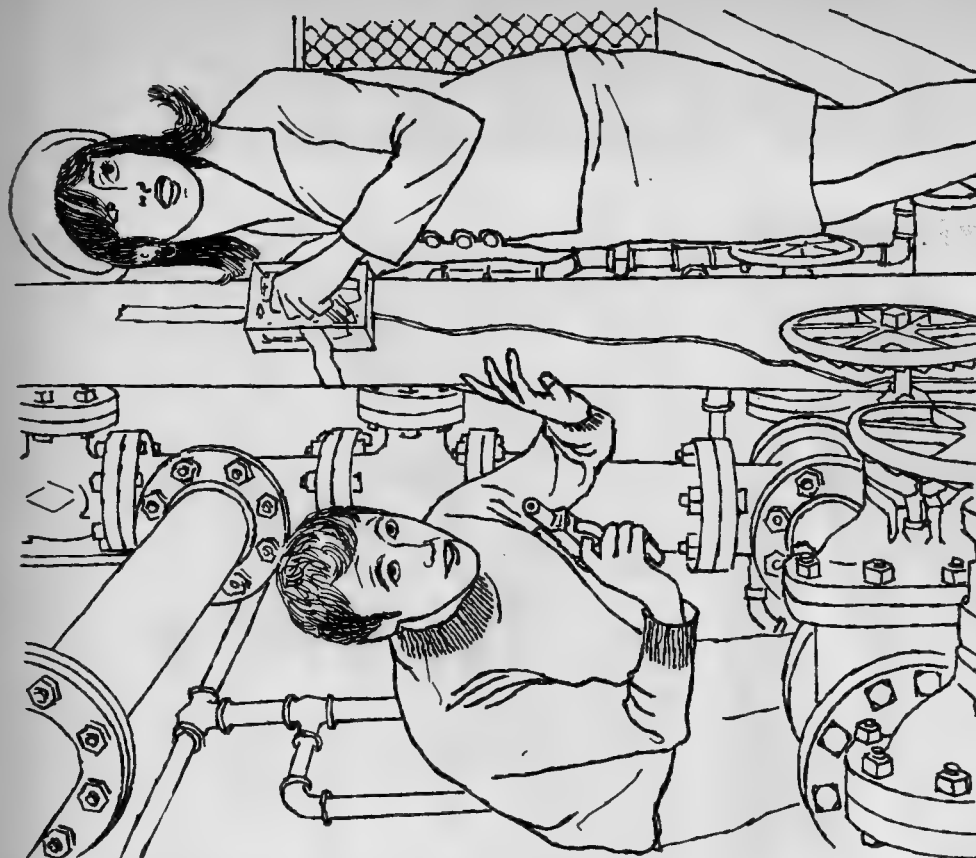
Keith Hopwood was drawn by Janetta Ray of Terre Haute, Ind.



Mary Malek of Johnstown, Pa., sketched Sally Field.

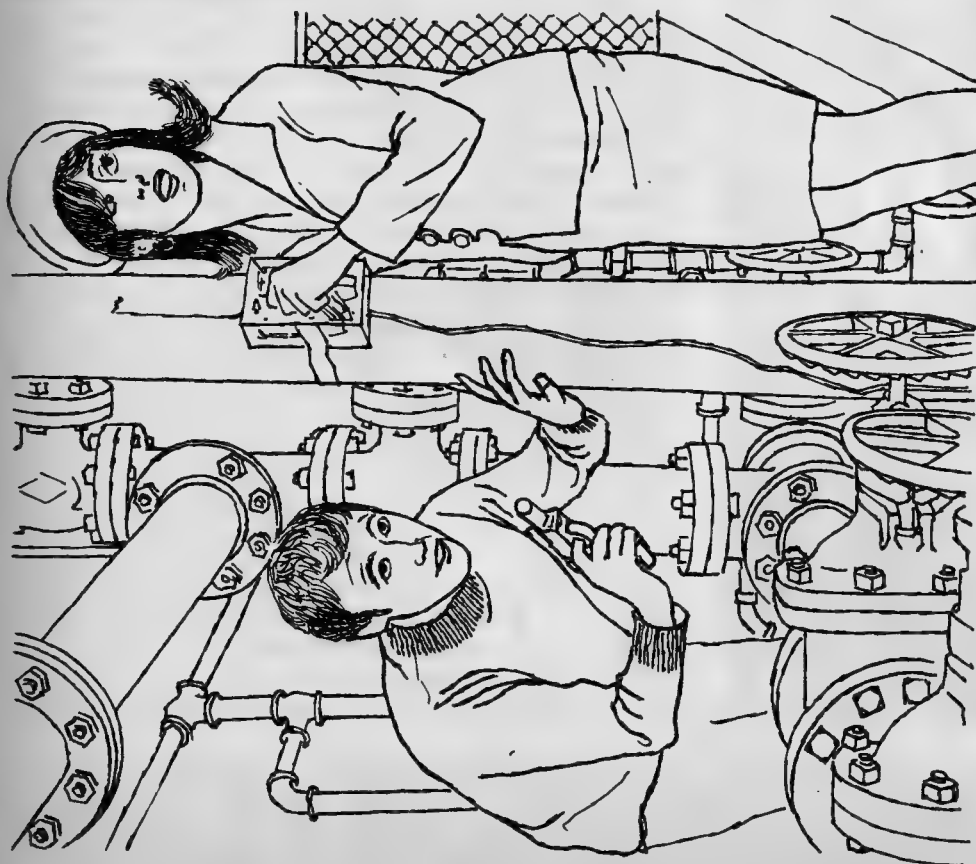


John Lennon was drawn by Mathilda Liu Lai Han of Hong Kong.



RIGHT

WRONG



5 ERRORS CONTEST

What have we here? The new man from *The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.* — NBC-TV's Tuesday evening thriller — none other than groovy Noel Harrison! . . . and a girl, Stefanie Powers! But hold on, luvvies, what's happened?!

The top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon below, tear the page along the dotted line and mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest, 16 Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11202.

To each of the first five readers who correctly identify all five errors, 16 will award \$10 in cash. All coupons will be dropped inside a revolving barrel and Georgia Winters, *blindfolded*, will pick the winners — so everybody has a chance!

Go to work right away — and good luck!

5 ERRORS CONTEST JAN. 1967

NAME..... MY AGE IS.....

STREET.....

CITY..... ZIP CODE.....

STATE..... ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER?.....

MAIL TO "5 ERRORS CONTEST" • 16 MAGAZINE • BOX 104 BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11202



"My True Life Story" by

Paul Revere

Chapter 2

Through darkest adolescence with the Fearless Leader of the Raiders, or how he learned to play the piano against family opposition.

MY LIFE changed in a very definite way in the second grade. My family had moved to the big city of Caldwell, Idaho (population—9,000, and don't laugh; to me, that was *big!*), and I had to start making new friends all over again. We lived in a delapidated house in a very poor neighborhood not far from the school itself. There were a lot of kids running "wild" around our section of town, and in no time I became a member of their neighborhood "gang".

We were unholy terrors! We stole milk bottles and sold them to the grocery store man (that bit of change kept me in candy bars), and we had fierce rock fights. I'm not joking. I still have a scar on my right eyebrow from one "war" we had. I suppose it was a good thing that my dad decided to go back to farming and we moved to the tiny town of Dixie — for I was well on my way to becoming what nowadays is called a juvenile delinquent, but what *we* would have called a *young hood!*

Dixie proved to be a groovey move for me in many ways. I had never been very popular, but suddenly I was. Like I was the kid from the big city, and now the girls wanted to be my "sweetheart" and the guys wanted me for a buddy.

Well, would you believe it? The very guy who had threatened to beat me up back in Notus (that was in Chapter One of my life story in the December issue — if you missed it, turn to Page 65 and you will find out how you can order





back issues of 16) — well, this guy was now living in Dixie and he was the most popular kid in school. His name was Jerry Whitsitt and his whole attitude toward me changed overnight. We became good friends (we remained good friends all the way through high school and I still visit him when I go to Boise, where he now lives).

In no time, Jerry and I became the “Dead End Kids” of Dixie! Our little country school was called the Red Top School House and it had a tall (well, it looked *tall* to us) flag pole in front of it. One day some girls gave us a dare. “Betcha can’t climb the flag pole,” they said.

Jerry and I looked at each other for a moment and then he went to the flag pole and started climbing. Naturally, I followed (see, I wasn’t always a *fearless leader*!). We went all the way to the top, and when we got there and looked down it seemed like we were a mile up in the air! Suddenly, the flag pole started to bend. We panicked and clamped our legs and arms tight around it — and held on for dear life. We were too scared to move, and all the kids below just stood there with their mouths open *staring* at us. Then we saw the teacher, Mrs. Cottingham, coming flying out. “Come down this minute!” she shouted at us. She didn’t know we *couldn’t move*. Soon she tried a different tactic and began begging us to *please* come down. We just hung on and prayed!

The bell rang and she made all the kids go back into the school, and then she looked up and said, “O.K. You’ve got just *one more* chance! Come down right this minute — *or else!*”

We didn’t know what *or else* would be, but we were more scared of *it* than we were of our precarious perch, so we both started slowly sliding down the flag pole. When we got to the bottom, Mrs. C. ushered us back into the school and began class as though nothing at all had happened! After school, Jerry and I noted that the flag pole was definitely bent near the top — and it still stands there just like that to this very day.

It was at about this time (I was around eight) that I got interested in music. A neighbor had a piano, and one night at his house I saw him play. I was absolutely fascinated. When he left the room, I went over to the piano and tried to imitate what he had done. Somehow, it didn’t work. In fact, it sounded *awful*. My mom had played piano in church and I kept hounding her till she got us one (second-hand and on time, but it was bee-you-tee-ful to me!). It was a player piano, and I would sit at it pumping away and letting my fingers go where the keys were compressed. I got completely hung up on it and soon learned to play all 15 of the player rolls we had. Next, I started making up things on my own. I had a radio and I listened to popular music all the time. Soon, I taught myself how to pick out the current hits on the piano.

I literally never left the piano except to eat, sleep and go to school. Needless to say, the family soon began to *hate* it. Our house was small and had thin walls, and my constant plunking filled the place with noise and reverberations. My sister Virginia came through like a trooper and saved me *and* the piano from Siberia. She told our folks that she thought I was *gifted* and that I should have lessons.

“And what bank do we rob to get the money for that?” my dad ask her.

“All right,” Virginia rebuffed him. “Since we can’t afford to give Paul lessons, we ought at least to let him continue to teach himself!”

So *our* side won and my pounding continued. I never did get any lessons and I can’t read a note of music to this day. I play everything by ear! I kept on loving the piano all the way up to high school.

There were some bad times back in the “good old days,” too. We lived on a farm and I hated it. I hated being poor, I hated milking the cows, I hated pulling up weeds, I hated digging drain ditches — in short, I hated my life. So I did what all kids do who are caught in a similar set of circumstances — I retreated into a dream world. It was three and a half miles to school and I walked it (there and back) each day of my young life — sunshine, rain, snow or sleet! And *all* the way I *daydreamed*! I was the day-dreamingest kid in the whole wide world. There wasn’t *one* daydream that I didn’t have. I was a hero, a king, a pilot, strong, handsome and rich. I had a jazzy car and a beautiful girl and plenty of money and lots of friends. And all this took place in my mind, taking me far away from the hard, grim realities of my hum-drum day-to-day existence.

Getting a car became the most important thing in my life. To a young guy, a car is the symbol of everything he wants — power, prestige, speed, beauty and style. It was something that people turned around and looked at *twice*. It was something important — and I decided that, come hail or high water, I was gonna get myself one!

Next month, come back for more of my childhood adventures and misadventures and learn how my first Ford changed my entire life forever! The February issue of 16 goes on sale December 20th — reserve your copy now!



... and Sonny



Dear Sonny,

Though I enjoy reading Cher's column, there are some questions a girl just can't answer, so I'm turning to you for advice. What do you honestly think about girls who wear a lot of eye make-up and tight hip-huggers?

Just Asking

Bronx, N. Y.

• Dear Just Asking,

I know that today wearing a lot of eye make-up is the in thing to do, but here's how we guys really feel about it: we like girls with a fresh, natural look. Guys just don't like girls who make themselves up (or dress) to look older. In our minds, it makes them appear "fast". Sure, we'll turn around and look at a girl who wears lots of eye make-up and tight hip-huggers — we might even take her out once. But that's not the girl we want to date regularly or could get really interested in. Just remember that girls think more about these gimmicks than guys do. None of that stuff is required by us. What we want is someone who is warm, friendly and natural.

Dear Sonny,

I am 14 years old and here's what I want to know: why do boys speak to me and then one day suddenly stop and turn away? I'm always friendly and go out of my way to answer them — or even say hello first.

Wha' Happened?

Chicago, Ill.

• Dear Wha' Happened?

It's hard for girls to understand this, but boys have more ego than girls have. When a boy is first attracted to a girl, it's like a challenge to get her to speak to him. After that, it's a challenge to see if he can get her really interested. When the guy is in the 15-or 16-year-old age bracket, he usually isn't looking to go steady or get seriously involved. That means that once he gets your attention and you're totally interested, the challenge is removed and he's apt to start looking elsewhere.

If you really dig him, play it cool. Never let a guy know that you are completely gone on him, even if you dig him desperately. You have to restrain yourself to keep a hold on him. Never let him be totally sure. On the other hand, don't try to make him jealous. That only bugs a guy. Just don't let him think he's got you locked up. The next time you see this guy start to speak and then turn away — or else just walk by like you don't even know him. That'll knock him for a loop. Then, the next time you see him, smile again. Don't worry — he'll come around. Just remember, when he acts cool to you, you act cool to him.

Dear Sonny,

I am 15 years old, medium height and have a very nice figure. I love miniskirts, but my folks don't want me to wear them. What do you think of them?

Dolly Mod

San Diego, Calif.

• Dear Dolly Mod,

Boy, have you touched on a sore point! Cher loves miniskirts. (She just did a great big layout in Vogue magazine on them.) I hate them, but I must concede that most guys do dig them. So, if you are really gone on them, tell your parents that they are the overwhelming new trend — then be sure you know how to walk and sit in them. No girl should wear miniskirts without wearing leotards under them. It looks great when the leotards are the same color as your blouse or poor boy sweater. When you walk in a miniskirt, don't "sway". And please, please learn to sit carefully and in a lady-like manner. If you slump over or slide all around, you're gonna look like a slob.

If you have a personal problem of any nature, just write to us at the address below and we will try to help. Look here — on our Dear Cher and Dear Sonny pages — in 16 each month for your answer. Our address is:

DEAR CHER (or)
DEAR SONNY
16 Magazine
745 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



If your young life is full of problems there's no need for you to suffer alone. In fact, there's no need for you to suffer at all. Cher — and Sonny — want to help you — right here in the pages of 16!

HI THERE,

It's me, Cher, trying once again to answer the "problem" letters you send me, but — big surprise! — I have a "helper" this time. What happened was, Sonny (curiosity-box that he is) started poking around in my *Dear Cher* mail and said, "Hey, some of these questions have been addressed to me" — and indeed they were. So, first I will answer your *Dear Cher* mail, and on the adjoining page Sonny will answer some of your mail.

Dear Cher,

I'm 13 and my girl friend is 12. All the boys like her and don't even look at me. I know a lot of boys, but they don't even know I'm living. I feel like running away. If you can, will you please tell me what to do?

Lonesome

Ontario, Canada

Dear Cher ...

• **Dear Lonesome,**

Why don't you try watching your girl friend? Since she's popular with the boys, maybe you could learn something from her. Aside from that, I suggest that you develop some sort of identity of your own. Each of us has at least one strong characteristic. Maybe you're a good dancer or singer. Maybe you're a good student and you could help others with their homework. Maybe you can sew and learn to make some really groovy clothes for yourself. There are many other things you could try — like painting, sports, cooking, etc. If you develop one strong point in yourself, you will soon acquire others — and if you're bashful, you'll find yourself slowly pulling out of that when you know there is one thing you can do well and you're proud of it!

Dear Cher,

I really love the English look with long bangs and dark eye make-up, but I wear glasses and my long bangs get in the way. I can hardly see. Also, my hair is very oily and I have to wash it every other day. Please help me.

Confused

Elmhurst, Ill.

• **Dear Confused,**

You'll either have to train your bangs to separate slightly in the middle and brush each a bit to the side, or else you'll have to cut them. I keep mine shorter in the middle and longer on the sides, so that they don't hang down in my eyes. The only thing you can do for real oily hair is what you're doing: wash it every other day. You might try using a shampoo for oily hair. It would keep your hair and scalp a bit drier.

Dear Cher,

I have problems! How old should a girl be before she can wear make-up, date boys and go steady? I'm 13 years old and considered very mature for my age. A boy who is three years older than I am has asked me to go steady, but my parents don't want me to and I don't want to sneak out with him. I will do whatever you suggest.

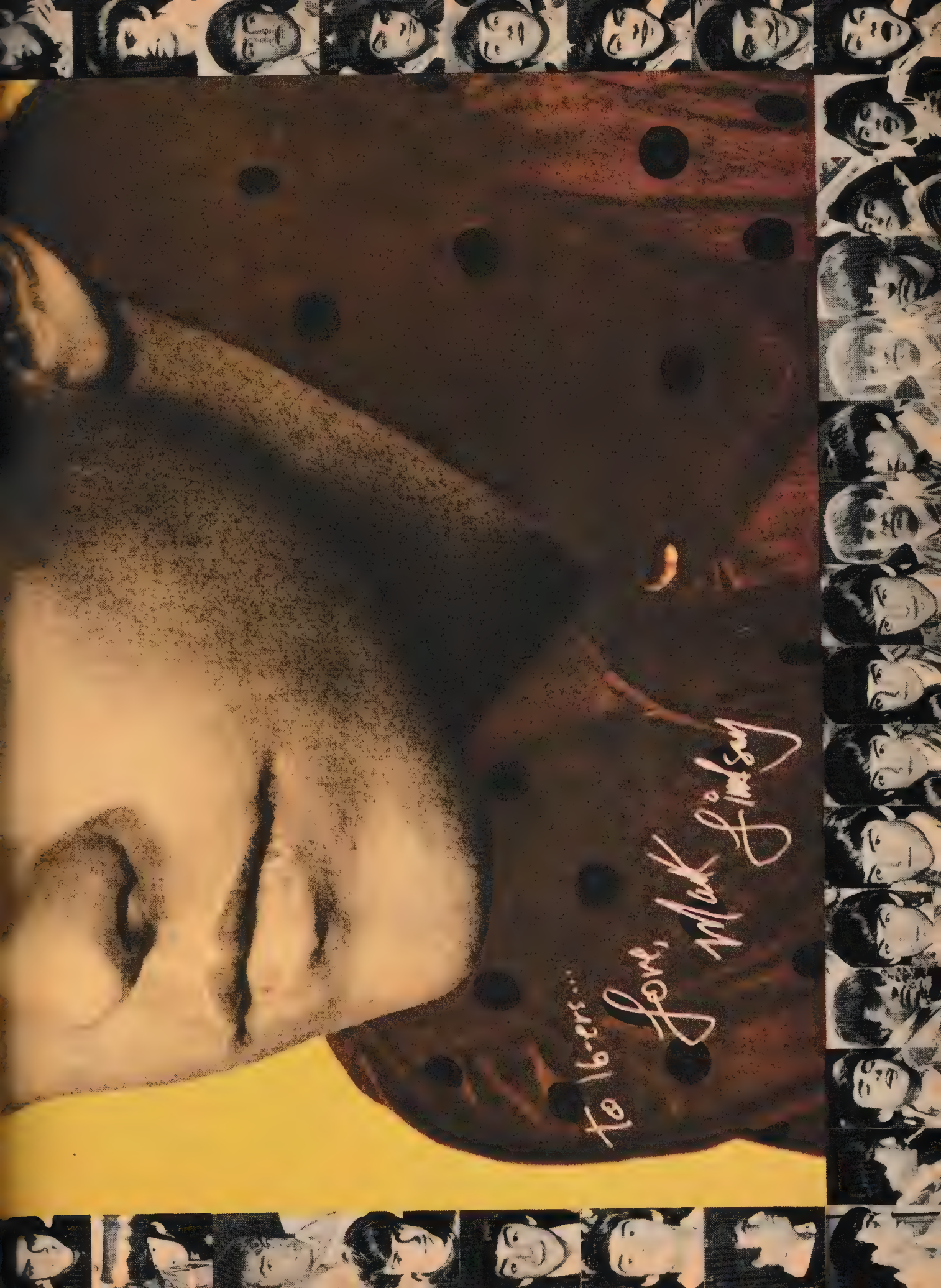
Waiting

Farmersburg, Ind.

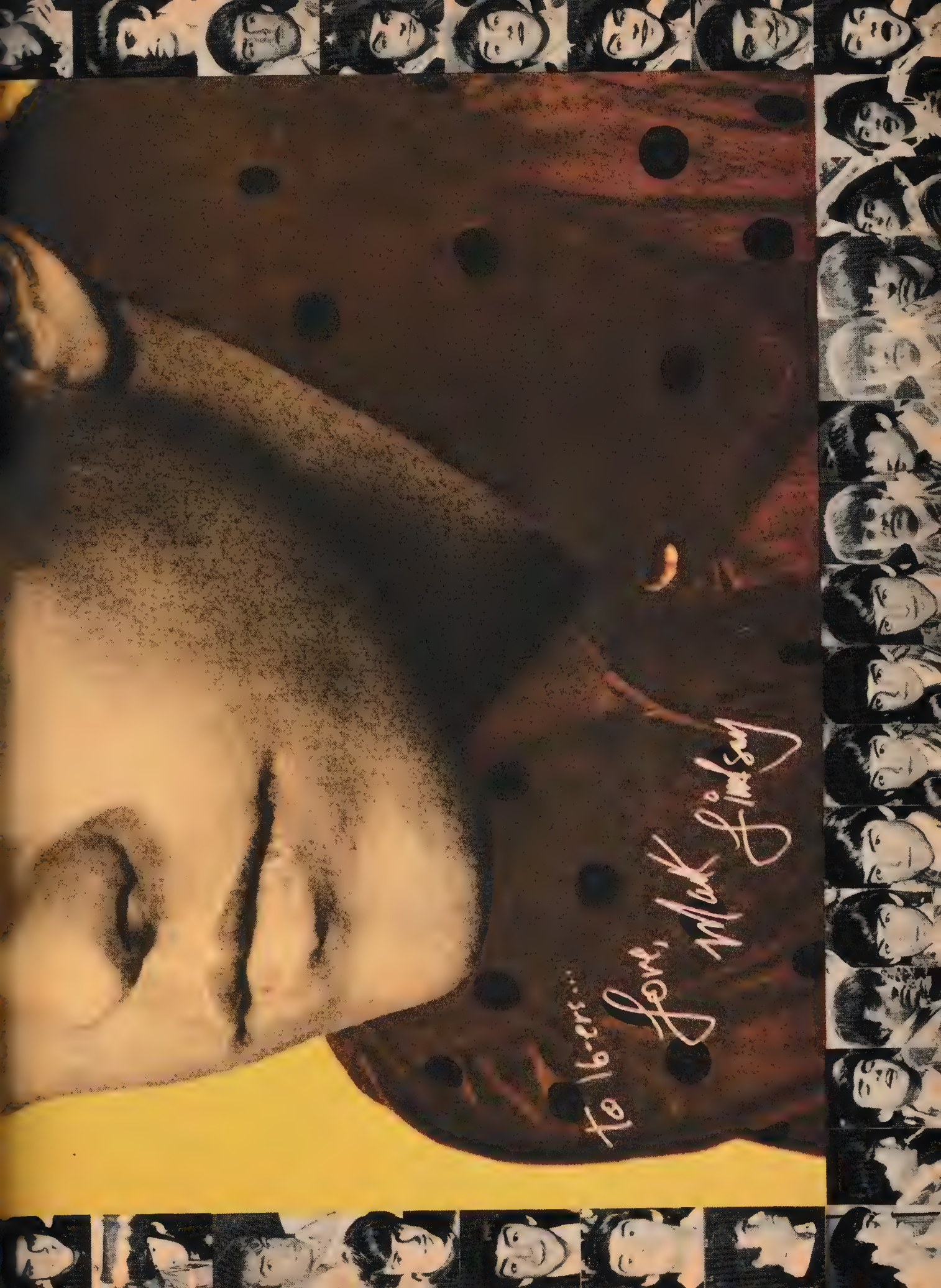
Dear Waiting,

I certainly agree that you should never sneak out to do anything behind your parents' backs. Some girls do start wearing a little make-up at 13, but I think that's too young to go steady. In fact, I think you should wait till you're 14 to go out on real dates. Meanwhile, there's no reason why you can't have a girlfriend and a few boyfriends visit your house on a weekend night, and there's no reason why your folks shouldn't drive you over to your friends' houses if they have get-togethers on weekend nights. It doesn't matter how much older a boy is than you. It's more his attitude. If he really cares for you, he'll be willing to wait until you're old enough to go steady.





to 16-ers...
Love, Mark Lindsay





GEEGEE'S GOSSIP!

WHAT'S NEW with your favorites from coast-to-coast!

THE NEW SOUND is the WIND . . . JOHN LENNON cut his hair and started an unbelievable clipping spree! Next came MICK JAGGER and then SCOTT WALKER. The only Statesider to pick up on the shearing was SONNY . . . His CHER, by the by, is NOT expecting a SONNY, JR., just yet — so scotch those rumors! . . . SONNY surprised his missus with a \$13,000 purple Excalibur SS. That's a brand-new custom-made car, made to look like a veddy old custom-made car . . . FANG just moved into a fab new home in Hollywood. More later . . . MONKEE MIKE NESMITH is married and *does* have a 22-month-old son . . . **RIDDLES OF THE MONTH:** Who is the secretly married member of a hot all-male *trio*? Who is the secretly married member of a very hot all-male *quartet*? . . . CHARLIE WATTS grew a moustache and so did BILL WYMAN. BRIAN JONES fractured his right wrist, but it's all right now — so don't cry . . . PATTIE & GEORGE HARRISON wore trad Indian outfits during their recent visit there. GEORGE's outfit was *Churidar pyjamas* and PATTIE's dress was a *kurta* . . . DRAKE LEVIN's first single on his own is called *Childhood's End (Mexico)*. It was produced by TERRY MELCHER . . . FABIAN married lovely starlet KATHY RIGAN on September 24th. Congrats! . . . OTTO PREMINGER says that JONH PHILLIP LAW is going to be the great new superstar of the century. So do I!

RANDY FULLER has re-organized his late brother's group and is calling it the RANDY FULLER FOUR. They are on Mustang Records and just finished a gig at P.J.'s on the Strip in L.A. . . . Congratulates to my sweet I'll BRENDA LEE for getting that big hit with *Coming On Strong* . . . GENE CLARK no longer has THE GROUP. He recently recorded an untitled piece with a 16-piece string orchestra. First step towards his first LP . . . LPs recommended by GeeGee this month include *The Soul Of The Man "Bobby Bland"* on Duke; John Davidson's *Time Of My Life* on Columbia; The Monkees on Colgem; Gary Lewis & the Playboys' *Golden Hits* on Liberty; *The Remains* on Epic; Dave Clark 5's *Satisfied With You* on Epic; Chad & Jerry's *Distant Shores* on Columbia; Tommy Roe's *Sweet Pea-Hooray* For Hazel on ABC Records; Bobby Hebb's *Sunny* on Philips; Donovan's wildly beautiful *Sunshine Superman* on Epic; *The Best Of Herman's Hermits, Vol. II* on MGM; David Blues' avant-garde folk sounds and song — called just David Blue, on Elektra; and, for me jazz luvvers, Herbert Laws *Flute By-Laws* on Atlantic — and, for me longhairs (classical, that is), the fabulously beautiful Mozart: *Two Flute Concertos* by the Moscow Chamber Orchestra on Angel.

JANE ASHER's little sister CLARE is a regular on a British "soap opera" called *The Dales*, but she has no showbiz aspirations. She is studying at a university and hopes to become a teacher of mathematics! . . . Hey, what's all this mail we are getting on RANDY BARLOWE?! Get in touch with me, RANDY — the world is waiting for you! . . . Who are the UN-

KNOWNs really? . . . In the background of *I Call Your Name* on the MAMAS & PAPAS' great new LP, CASS is whispering John — John (for JOHN LENNON, natch). DONOVAN answers her back by singing softly *Cass-Cass* in the background of his *The Fat Angel* track on *Sunshine Superman* LP! . . . Look for fantastic new vocal and musical sounds (completely out of the folk bag) on PHIL OCHS' next LP! . . . GENTLE SOULS are Columbia's newest super-discovery . . . Maya (based on the movie) will be a new TV series next fall starring JAY NORTH and SAJID KHAN . . . KEITH ALLISON really did meet PAUL MCCARTNEY when the BEATLES were in L.A. time before last. They just sat and stared at each other for a while! . . . Top English group is about to break up because one of them keeps flippin' out! . . . Which one of you southwestern fans copped PETER ASHER's prescription specs? Please send them back to him in care of 16 (745 Fifth Avenue, New York City), and we will see that you get an autographed picture and a personal "Thank you" note from PETER himself. He really needs them!

MARK LINDSAY designed those gorgeous new RAIDER outfits — and they are a work of art, (not Raz, of course). Now he's freakin' out over buttons (who isn't still?). The ones he's wearing here were made for him by the boys at the Big Mother Button Co. If you wanta get in and find out what's way out in buttons, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Big Mother Button Co., Box 2911, Dept. 116, Grand Central Sta., New York City, 10017, and quicklikeabunny you will get a powie, tuned-in, triple-fab list of what's available.

N'oubliez pas le Mot.



Drake



Randy



John



Mike



Brenda



Shearer, Lennon & Dick Lester



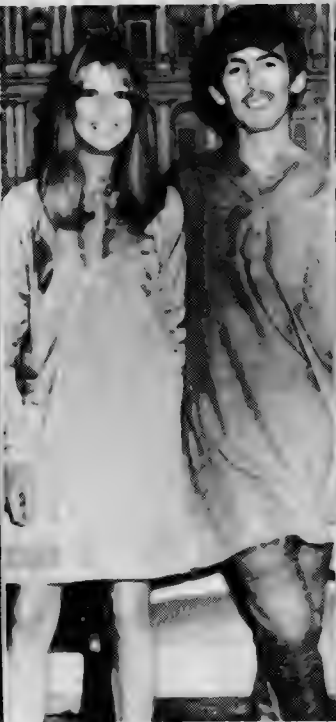
Mick Jagger



Sonny & Cher



Scott Walker



Pattie & George



Fabian & bride Kathy



Mark Lindsay



Phil



Keith



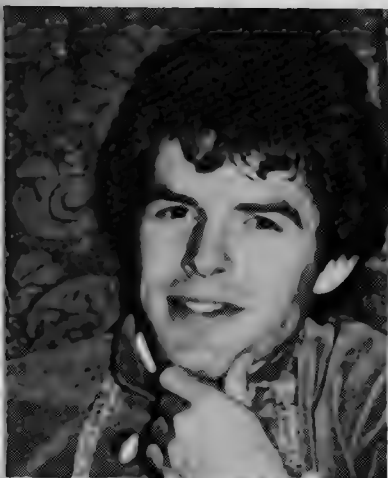
The Remains LP



David Blue LP

SMITTY'S MOODS

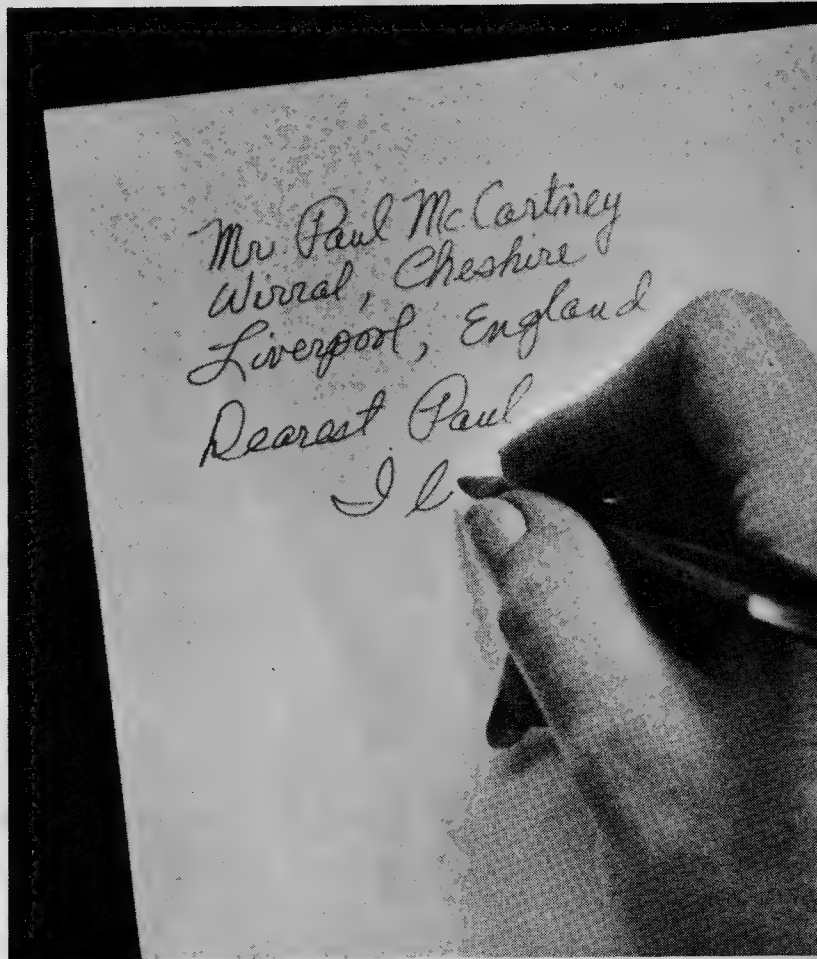
WITHOUT A DOUBT OUR BOY, RAIDER SMITTY, IS A MAN OF ACTION — BUT HE'S ALSO A MAN OF MANY MOODS... AND HERE ARE BUT A FEW OF THEM...



NOW YOU CAN WRITE TO THESE STARS AT HOME!

PAUL McCARTNEY*
 PAUL McCARTNEY'S FATHER*
 MR. AND MRS. JOHN LENNON*
 JOHN LENNON'S AUNT MIMI*
 MICK JAGGER*
 BRIAN JONES*
 RINGO STARR*
 RINGO STARR'S PARENTS*
 GEORGE HARRISON*
 MR. AND MRS. HARRISON*
 GEORGE'S SISTER LOUISE*
 KEITH RICHARD*
 CHARLIE WATTS*
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 ELVIS PRESLEY*
 PRINCE CHARLES*
 RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN*
 JANET LANDGARD*
 PETER ASHER*
 DUSTY SPRINGFIELD*
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 THE HONEYCOMBS*
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 ERIC BURDON*
 HILTON VALENTINE*
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 DINO*, DESI AND BILLY
 THE CAVERN
 LESLEY GORE
 JOEY WEATHERTON
 PATTY DUKE
 CHAD AND JEREMY
 BOBBY RYDELL
 JOHNNY CRAWFORD
 CONNIE STEVENS
 DAVID JANSSEN
 THE ZOMBIES
 LUKE HALPIN
 BOBBY VINTON
 PAUL PETERSEN
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 ANNETTE
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 CONNIE FRANCIS
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 JAY AND THE AMERICANS
 GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS*



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Here are home addresses you can't get anywhere else! Look at the names above! If they're marked like this: * you'll find their home addresses in 16's great All-Star Home Address Book. But that's not all . . . there's MORE! This marvelous book gives you the private, personal, fan club, record label and movie studio addresses of each and every star named here. Not only in the USA but in England, too. And MORE! You get brand new photos—never shown before—of most of these stars. But hurry! Simply fill out the coupon and mail it with a dollar bill to the address on the coupon.

JANUARY 1967

Please send me 16's All-Star Home Address Book. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME.....AGE.....

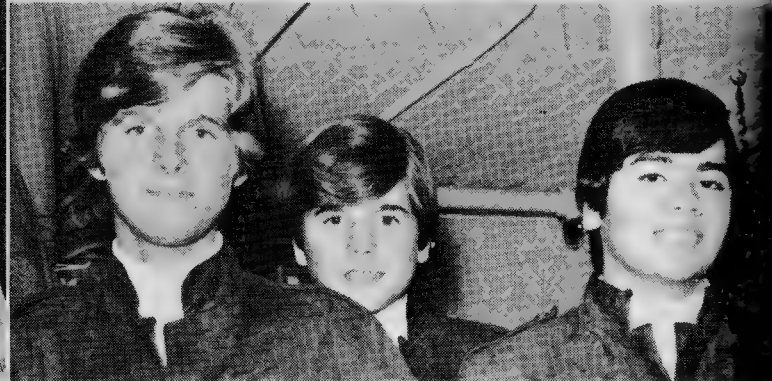
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16'S



GOOD THING

(As recorded by Revere & Raiders on Columbia Records—lead sung by Mark Lindsay)

Seems this world has got you down,
You're feelin' bad vibrations 'round.
Just open your eyes, girl, look at me—
I'm gonna show you how it ought to be.

Girl, we're gonna have a good thing,
Such a good thing, baby.
And when your life don't seem just right,
And the world's gettin' you up tight,
You can change that wrong to right,
'Cause I was there myself last night—
And girl, I really had a good thing,
Such a good thing, baby.

Now there won't be no one—
No one around to bring you down.
It's a groovy world, girl,
Let me bring you to a good, good,
good, good thing.

Now listen to me, you can't please
'em all—
Should you try.
They don't care if you live or die,
'Cause they're losers, what a shame,
But let me show you a brand-new game,
And girl, we're gonna have a good thing.
Such a good thing, baby.

Now I won't tell, tell you no lies,
When I'm through, girl, you'll realize,
That for the first time it seems so right.
I'm gonna stay right here tonight
And, girl, we'll have ourselves a good
thing,
Such a good thing, baby.

No, no—I won't have nobody, no one
around,
To bring you down.
It's a groovy world—so, girl,
Let me bring you to a good, good,
good, good thing.

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best wishes of the copyright owner. Written by
Mark Lindsay and Terry Melcher.

I HOPE SHE'S THERE TONIGHT

(As recorded by Dino, Desi, & Billy on Reprise
Records)

One groovy night last weekend



I met Carole.
She turned me on and the dance turned
out all right,
But the only trouble is
I don't know what her last name is—
I hope she's there tonight,
I hope she's there tonight.

We danced fast once and then we got
to talking.
And when the band played slow she
held me tight.
She wrote her number out for me;
I lost the paper, so you see—
I hope she's there tonight,
I hope she's there tonight.

I couldn't call her all week
Like I told her I would,
But since I didn't call her
I sure hope that she hasn't written me
off for good.

I swear if tonight I should find Carole,
I'm never gonna let her out of my sight.
I'll take care to treat her kind,
If there's a chance to make her mine—
I hope she's there tonight,
I hope she's there tonight.

Copyright 1966 by Gringo Music Company, 1800
N. Argyle, Hollywood, Calif. Written by Dave
Linden and Greg Dempsey.

LITTLE MAN

(As recorded by Sonny & Cher on ATCO Records)

Little man, when you stand by my side,
Then I know I don't have to hide
from anyone.
And I pray that we'll stay just that way,

Till the day comes along when we catch
the sun ...

(CHORUS)

Little girl, you're runnin'—
Come catch my hand, I'm near you.
Little girl, you're singin'
Come close to me, I hear you.

"You're growin' old," my mother'd scold,
"Now it's time that you learned
What it meant to be mature,
There's no such place as make-believe,"
But when I look at your face, I'm not
so sure.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

You and me, is what I see—
And that's the way it's gonna stay
And it will always be.
So, little man, please understand,
That in this world with all its lambs,
You're all I see.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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sion of copyright owner. Written by Sonny Bono.

I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF

(As recorded by the Troggs on ATCO Records)

Oh no!
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba ba—
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba ba—

I can't stand still 'cause you've got
me goin'.
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba ba—
Your slacks are low and your hips
are showin'.
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba ba—
I take you, girl, as you're standing there,
Your low-cut slacks and your long
black hair,
Don't want you goin' 'round with no
one else,
'Cause when I'm with you, I can't
control myself.

Defense is down and you've got me
shakin',
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba ba—
You've got me so that my nerves are
breakin'.
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba ba—
If you knew me like I know you, girl,
Your knees would bend and your hair
would curl.

SING-ALONG



You make me move, yeah, like no one else,
And when I'm with you, I can't control myself.

I've got this feeling that's inside of me.
It makes me think of how things used to be.
It makes me feel all right when I'm with you at night,
And we love, and we love.
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba—
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba.

You fill me so with this big temptation.
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba—
This kind of feeling could move a nation.
Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba—
And I'm O.K. when I'm here with you,
I do the things that you want me to.
But do these things—a for no one else,
'Cause when I'm with you, I can't control myself.

Ba ba ba-ba-ba ba ba ba—
I can't control myself, I can't control myself.
I can't control myself, baby—
Ooooh.
(*Fade*)

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EAST-WEST (OVER THE OCEAN)

(As recorded by Herman's Hermits on MGM Records—lead sung by Herman)

East, west, over the ocean—perpetual motion,
Traveling around, no rest, singing and playing,
Night out and day in doing the rounds—
What a great life it must seem.

Swell joints, everything classy,
Nothing that's passé—only the best.
Lush girls ogling and eyeing,
Sighing and crying—this is success!
What a great life it must seem.



(CHORUS)

But when I hear young voices singing out,
The bells at home start ringin' out.
Then I feel all alone,
Then I think of my home.

Mum, Dad, all 'round the fire,
In festive attire—keeping the day.
Aunts, kids, all the relations,
Congratulations—this is success.
What a great life it must seem.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Copyright U.S. and Canada 1966 by Man-Ken Music, Ltd., c/o Stevens H. Weiss, 444 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., Written by Graham Gouldman.

CHANGES

(As recorded by Crispian St. Peters on Jamie Records)

Sit by my side, come as close as the air,
Share in a memory of grey,
And wander in my words, and dream about
The pictures that I play, of changes.

Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall,
To brown and to yellow they fade
And then they have to die, trapped within the
Circle time parades of changes.

Scenes of my young years are warm in my mind.

Visions of shadows that shine,
Till one day I returned, and found they were the
Victims of the vines of changes.

The world's spinning madly, it drifts in the dark,
Swings through a hollow of haze.
A race around the stars, a journey through the
Universe ablaze with changes.

Your tears will be trembling, now we're somewhere else.
One last cup of wine we will pour.
I'll kiss you one more time, and leave you on the
Rolling river shore of changes.

I'll kiss you one more time, and leave you on the
Rolling river shore of changes.

Copyright by Barricade Music Inc., 850 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C. Words and Music by Phil Ochs.

IF I WERE A CARPENTER

(As recorded by Bobby Darin on Atlantic Records)

If I were a carpenter, and you were a lady,
Would you marry me anyway, would you have my baby?
If a tinker were my trade, would you still mind me?
Carrying the pots I made, following behind me?

Save my love through loneliness, save my love for sorrow,
I've given you my ownliness, come and give me your tomorrow.

If I worked my hands in wood, would you still love me?
Answer me, babe, "Yes, I would, I'd put you above me."
If I were a miller at a mill wheel grinding,
Would you miss your colored box, your soft shoes shining?

If I were a carpenter, and you were a lady,
Would you marry me anyway, would you have my baby?
Would you marry me anyway, would you have my baby?

Copyright 1966 by Faithful Virtue Music Co., Inc., 1650 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Written by Tim Hardin.



a dream day with **BILLY HINSCHKE**

*Hawaii! Honolulu! Oahu and Maui!
They're all yours as Billy whisks
you into a never-never land for a
never-to-be-forgotten
dream of dreams!*

HAVE YOU EVER been to Hawaii? Have you ever wanted to go to Hawaii? Well, I've been to Hawaii a number of times, and it not only is the most beautiful place in the world, but it is the place I have chosen for our dream day!

We begin our day together by meeting in the fabulous Kahala Hilton Hotel in Honolulu, where I've reserved a suite for you. The Kahala is far away from all the tourist spots. It is surrounded by lovely landscaped gardens and has its own private lake—with dolphins! But since I love the beach, and Hawaii's beaches are the finest to be found, we hop into my car and take off for the far end of the island (you can drive around the entire island of Oahu—where Honolulu is located—in about three hours).

As we drive along the road, you are overwhelmed by the beauty all around

us. You see endless sparkling blue-green ocean and golden sand on one side, and massive green jungle-like trees stretching up into purple mountains on the other. Once we turn off into the jungle for a while, where we find huge tea leaves, from which we can drink the dew. Later, we find ourselves a spotless, isolated beach of our own and spend a delicious hour swimming, sunbathing and snoozing.

After a final dip, we hop back into the car and I drive us to the International Market Place in town—where my favorite steakhouse, The Beachcomber, is. The walls of The Beachcomber are covered with woven straw and the tables are lit by small red lanterns. It has lots of "atmosphere"—and excellent food. I always have steak teriyaki with wild rice for my main course and guava or mango ice cream for dessert. Why don't you try the same?

We go back to our suites at the hotel and you scoot off for your private hour of "getting pretty." Don't know what you girls do then, but whatever it is—we guys sure dig it. I have left a surprise present of a beautiful long mumu in various shades of pink, and a white orchid for your hair, in your room—so when I finally come to pick you up, you are really looking like a lovely "islander."

I have chartered us our own helicopter for the evening (aren't you surprised?)—and soon it picks us up on the roof of the Kahala Hilton—and we are flying off to the nearby island of Maui. Our 'copter slowly comes to rest on the ground of The Plantation House—which is now an inn and a restaurant, but used to be the private estate of the owner of a huge pineapple plantation. We walk about the grounds admiring the huge white columns and the architecture of the house for a while, then we ride down the hill in a little trolley which takes us through magnificent gardens to an open-air restaurant overlooking the sea. The night is filled with sounds of authentic Hawaiian music and a full moon smiles down on us. We chat, listen to the music—and just sit silently sometimes, taking in the beauty all around us.

After a dinner of delicious Polynesian food, finished off by a dessert of fresh papayas, we return to our waiting helicopter. On the way back to Honolulu, I have arranged yet another surprise for you. Suddenly, the 'copter flies between two high, dark mountains. They tower all around us and it is as though we were going through a long black tunnel. Just when you are wondering what is going on—we break out into the bright moonlight again and find ourselves gazing down at silver beaches and an endless emerald ocean!

It's hard to end a perfect day like this, but since there must be an end to all good things, we finally have to say good night and goodbye. But don't worry. It was such a wonderful day that it is bound to happen again. I hope so—and I hope you do, too!

GR-R-R-R-R

PEEP!

P?





THE DESPERATE DAYS OF THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL OR

CHAPTER 2

THE NIGHT THE ROOF FELL IN

by **JOE MARRA**

IN JANUARY, 1965, I switched the policy of my Greenwich Village nightclub—the Night Owl—from folk to what is now called folk-rock. I headlined the Lovin' Spoonful, and as safety valves backed them up with Tim Hardin and comedian Al Mamlet. Before opening night, the Spoons, Bob Cavallo (their manager) and I remodeled the whole interior of the Night Owl—and the boys rewired the sound system. Well, *that* was to be our downfall.

Anyway, opening night the word was out and everybody in the Village came to the Night Owl to see the Lovin' Spoonful. There was a high moment of excitement when the boys began to tune up. Finally, they broke into their first number. And when I say "broke," I mean it. They broke glasses, window panes and eardrums. Like they were so impossibly loud that there wasn't enough room for their sound and the audience in my tiny club. So, guess what? The audience left. Man, they weren't even polite. They flocked out—but the Spoons rolled on with a mighty roar, oblivious to what was happening and, though they were incredibly loud, John Sebastian (who was actually quite shy and hated singing in public) sang incredibly softly. As much as you *could* hear the band was as much as you *couldn't* hear John. They did a six-number set and by the time, they finished, they'd cleared the place out! Listen, even *I* ran out. But my mother liked them. Yes, she did—and she sat there grinning and clapping through the whole ordeal. I went back for their second set hoping they'd maybe tone things down a bit. Not only did they *didn't*, like in the middle of the show water started pouring down through the ceiling from an apartment upstairs. I guess it was in protest to the sonic wave that was sweeping upward.

Zalie played a high, turned-up bass introducing to me what is known as fuzz tone. Pieces began to fall out of the ceiling. Zalie began to look up, thinking he was going to be electrocuted any minute. And *once again* I got up and ran out the door.

I mean, the place was a disaster area. Later, we all sat around the deserted club and discussed what had happened. It was lines like this.

Steve: "Hey, we weren't pulled together."

John: "We gotta get a better balance."

Zalie: "Like all my strings broke."

Jan (former drummer with the Spoons): "Oh, man, we need new amps."

In other words, it was a real mumbo-jumbo meeting, and nothing happened then. But the Spoons would be there for another two weeks and I figured they would probably get better. Ha, ha. They didn't. But I was not discouraged. I believed. Yes, I believed in them.

So, at the end of two weeks, I had five waitresses, three acts, two customers and a night club that looked like an empty cavern. The Lovin' Spoonful closed on a rainy Sunday night. We took in a fast \$7.85 and we were all down, especially the guys. They were very depressed. They had no nothin'. I didn't say anything to them, because I knew how bad they felt. I spoke to Bob Cavallo instead.

Me: "Guess what? They aren't drawing, ya' know? I really did think rock and roll would make it. I guess it will, one day. I kind of think John ought to strengthen his vocal, so he can carry over all the rock and roll sound behind him."

We all had a parting cup of coffee and I felt terrible as I watched John, Zalie and Steve walk out into the cold, rainy Village night. It's funny, but somehow I knew this wasn't the end. I felt like it was just the beginning.

Don't miss the February issue of 16, on sale December 20th. Find out what happens in the wacky, wonderful world of the Lovin' Spoonful!

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CONTEST NEWS

"WIN A RAIDER OUTFIT" CONTEST WINNER

(From August issue)

Carole Holtz, 13, of Northlake, Ill., receives a Raider outfit (hat, coat, shirt, pants and boots!), handwritten letters from the Raiders, an autographed photo of them, and a year's subscription to 16 Magazine.

"FIVE ERRORS" CONTEST WINNERS

(From September issue)

Tommy Kemp, 10, Hillsboro, Mo.
James Kubota, 13, Oakland, Calif.
Dennie Krerowicz, 10, Zion, Ill.
Penny Kristiansen, 13, Stonington, Conn.
Mary List, 12, Muncie, Ind.

(From October issue)

Donia Stevenson, 13, Indian Harbor Bch., Fla.
Diane Hopukavich, 12, Smyrna, Del.

Karma Mace, 11, Wichita, Kan.
Gail Dampier, 14, Astoria, Ore.
Diane Dugan, 16, Salem, Ohio
Each of the above receives a \$10 cash prize.

"KEITH ALLISON SURPRISE" CONTEST WINNER

(From September issue)

Nadine Lenobi, 14, of New Britain, Conn., wins shirts, pants, sunglasses and a hat from Action star, Keith Allison.

"DC5 BOX OF GOODIES" CONTEST WINNERS

(From September issue)

Wanda Madden, 16, Peru, Ind.
Martha Wesling, 14, San Bernardino, Calif.
Nancy J. Hilton, 13, Goodlettsville, Tenn.
Gretchen Jerde, 11, Hillsboro, Ore.
Marie Lipske, 15, Kaweohe, Oahu, Hawaii.
Each of the above wins a box of goodies from her favorite member of the DC5.

LIST OF NEW 16 CLUB MEMBERS

Nancy Shields.....Kendall Park, N.J.
Sharon Gonner.....Washington, D.C.
Donna Pryor.....Summit, N.J.
Debra Doran.....Indianapolis, Ind.
Eleanor Kay Wilder.....Ann Arbor, Mich.
Larry Albus.....Fullerton, Pa.

Frances Smith.....Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
Linda A. Frederick.....Hamburg, Pa.
Donna Elaine Graham.....Paoli, Okla.
Rosemary Jones.....Vancouver, B. C. Canada
Toni Johnson.....Ft. Worth, Texas
Arlene Dobbins.....Staten Island, N.Y.
Debbie Arthur.....Hayward, Calif.
Jennifer Dean.....West Vancouver, B. C. Canada
Judy Sartor.....Masterson, Texas
Tommy Townsend.....Norfolk, Va.
Liz Snyder.....Ft. Thomas, Ky.
Mark Combs.....Tigard, Ore.
Maryanne Bavaro.....Brooklyn, N.Y.
Sharon Bramer.....Anmoore, W. Va.
Judith Gartrill.....Timonium, Md.
Kathi Makos.....Berwyn, Ill.
Gloria Fle.....Brooklyn, N.Y.
Jan Nixon.....Vienna, Va.
Lori Kilbourn.....Norwalk, Conn.
Judy Lynn Johnson.....Millersburg, Ky.
Elaine Lohmeier.....Ferndale, Mich.
Bob Kwiatkowski.....Chicago, Ill.
Mary Louise Kwas.....Milwaukee, Wisc.
Linda Tenborg.....Anacortes, Wash.
Marlene Rosby.....East Syracuse, N.Y.
Sherry Lautsbaugh.....Walnut Bottom, Pa.
Linda Christen.....Detroit, Mich.
Nancy Kelley.....Oil City, Pa.
Robin Henderson.....Yakima, Wash.
Wendy Hahn.....Louisville, Ky.
Barbara Seymour.....Seattle, Wash.
Kathy Hill.....Amarillo, Texas
Vivian E. Turner.....Chicago, Ill.
Peggy Sellers.....Jackson, Miss.
Marcia J. Kelley.....Munhall, Pa.
Mary Harper.....Oakland, Calif.
Ellen McNicholas.....Cambria Heights, N.Y.
Sharon Wasielewski.....Chicago, Ill.
Leida Bendoyro.....Tampa, Fla.
Sue Winkle.....Elkin, No. Car.
Joanne Quillinan.....McHenry, Ill.
Rhonda Moore.....San Rafael, Calif.
Nancy Newman.....West Chester, Pa.
Diane Yedlinsky.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Debra S. Menda.....Sacramento, Calif.
Dede Leggin.....Bethesda, Md.
Belinda Lee.....Sacramento, Calif.
Barbara Paaske.....No. Riverside, Ill.
Maureen Cardwell.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Crystal Luke.....Stockton, Ill.
Maria Kios.....New York, N.Y.
Rolinda Penney.....Newport, R. I.

YOU can be a STAR MAKER!

Write the names of your two top favorites in each category in the spaces provided on this ballot. Then write your own name, age and address, cut out the ballot and mail it to 16 Magazine. Not only will your vote help to determine which stars we will feature in 16, but you can help make your favorites bigger and brighter stars! January, 1967

MY TWO FAVORITE MALE MOVIE STARS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE FEMALE MOVIE STARS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE MALE TV STARS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE FEMALE TV STARS ARE:

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2.

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2.

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STONES turn you on! OR Can you see your mother, baby — et cetera



"My mum never wore a uniform!"



"And mine didn't smoke!"



"Dig those crazy legs!"



"A hat and glasses do make a dif."



"Do you think they've caught on yet?"

NOW YOU CAN
KNOW SECRETS
ABOUT THESE
SIX
"SWEETHEARTS"
THAT HAVE
NEVER BEEN
PRINTED BEFORE!

PHIL "FANG" VOLK



PAUL McCARTNEY

DINO MARTIN, JR.

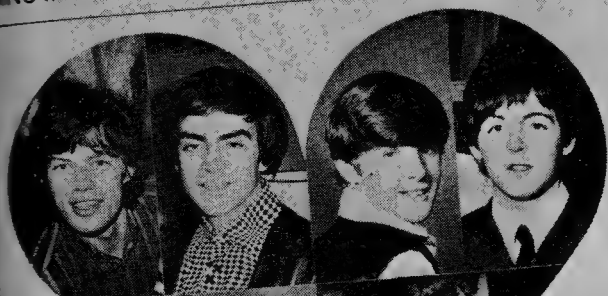
MICK JAGGER

HERMAN

MARK LINDSAY

16's SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK

♥ PAUL McCARTNEY ♥ HERMAN ♥ MARK LINDSAY ♥
DINO MARTIN, JR. ♥ MICK JAGGER ♥ PHIL "FANG" VOLK



HEY — it'll be like you know all these dream guys personally! And you will — practically. 16's *SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK* tells you ten super-secret secrets about these six fabulous dream guys never before published! PLUS their home addresses — PLUS a love letter to you in their own handwriting — PLUS a tried-and-true list of the things you can do to become their favorite sweetheart — PLUS: DELICIOUS KISS-ABLE CLOSE-UP SIGNED PIN-UPS — AND FOUR ADORABLE NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN CANDIDS OF EACH STAR! All this can be yours for only one dollar — but don't delay — or you could miss out entirely. Mail this coupon now!

16's SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK JANUARY 1967

Please send me 16's *Secret Sweetheart Book*.
I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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16's ALL-STAR BIRTHDAY— ADDRESS— GIFT GUIDE

ANOTHER BRAND-NEW SUPER-SWINGING 16 SCOOP

HAVE YOU EVER wondered when your favorite Star's birthday is, what kind of present he (or she) would really like to have—and how to make sure it is mailed to a place where he (or she) will positively get it?

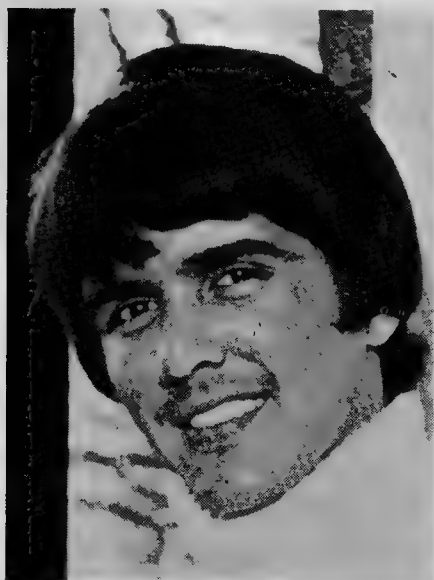
Well, wonder no more. Once again, 16 has come to your rescue! Starting this month, and in all the issues of 16 after this, you will find this easy, exclusive All-Star Birthday Address—Gift Guide. It will give you the name of the star whose birthday is coming up soon, his (or her) actual birthday, a list of his (or her) clothes' sizes (all sizes are American—not English, and shirt-sleeve sizes are measured from the back of the neck to the wrist), and ring sizes (all are for left-hand ring finger), the color or colors he (or she) likes best, what kind of presents he (or she) where to mail your present (or card or letter) so that the star you love will get it personally! P.S.: When you send gifts to England, be sure to put a Customs Declaration sticker (you get the stickers free at the post office) on each package and mark it "Unsolicited gift—value less than \$10."



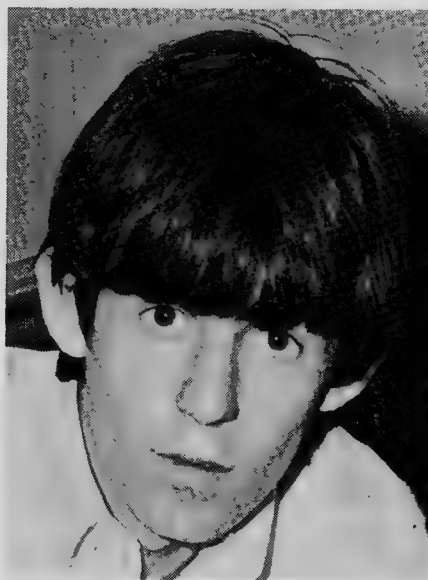
DENNY DOHERTY (MAMAS & PAPAS): *Birthday* — November 29; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 14½-inch neck/33-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 40 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9½ B; *socks* — 10½; *ring* — 9; *colors* — green and brown (also very bright colors); *favorite gifts* — crazy montages or paintings, cards you make yourself; *address* — 321 S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.



CHRIS HILLMAN (THE BYRDS): *Birthday* — December 4; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 14½-inch neck/31-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9½ B; *socks* — 11; *ring* — 9; *colors* — brown, rust and beige; *favorite gifts* — games, puzzles and books; *address* — 9000 Sunset Blvd., Suite 805, Hollywood, Calif.



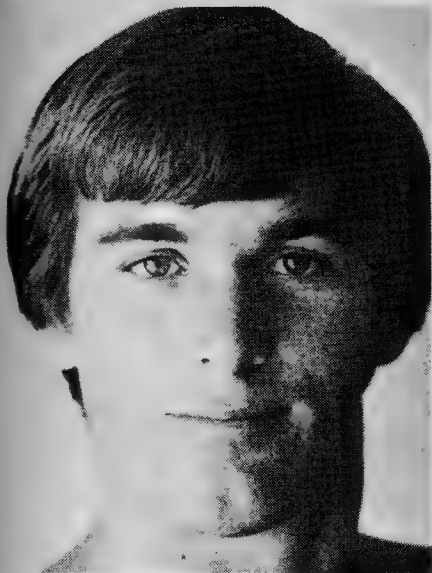
DAVE CLARK (DAVE CLARK 5): *Birthday* — December 15; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/34-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 40 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9 D; *socks* — 10; *ring* — 10; *favorite colors* — white, black and red; *favorite gifts* — anything from America, likes things you make yourself; *address* — Regent House, 235 Regent St., London W. 1, England.



KEITH RICHARD (ROLLING STONES): *Birthday* — December 18; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 14½-inch neck/33-inch sleeve (or Small); *sweater* — 38 (or Medium); *shoe* — 9 B; *socks* — 10; *ring* — 8; *favorite colors* — black and beige; *favorite gifts* — paintings and the latest American hit single records; *address* — 63-69 New Oxford St., London W. 1, England.



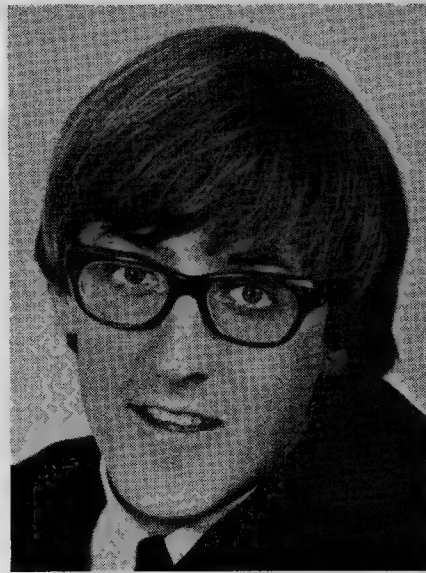
ZAL YANOVSKY (LOVIN' SPOONFUL): *Birthday* — December 19; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/34-inch sleeve (or Large); *sweater* — 40 (or Large); *shoe* — 10½ D; *socks* — he hates them, never wears them; *ring* — 9; *favorite colors* — any color that you dig!; *favorite gifts* — collects any and all records, but he doesn't like anything expensive; *address* — 1414 Sixth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.



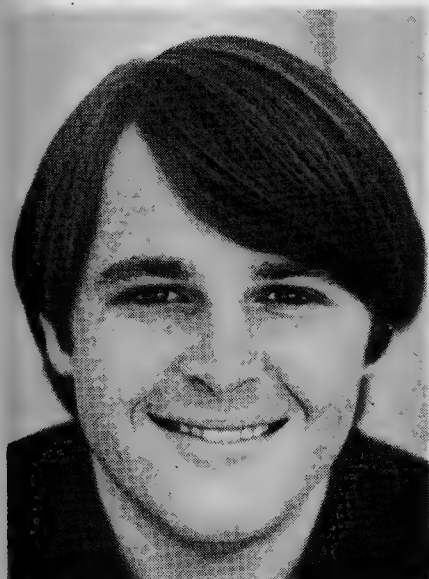
DENNIS WILSON (BEACH BOYS): *Birthday* — December 4; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/32-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 40 (or Medium); *shoe* — 8½ D; *socks* — 10½; *ring* — 9; *favorite colors* — red and blue; *favorite gifts* — miniature racing cars or anything for his new house; *address* — 9000 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



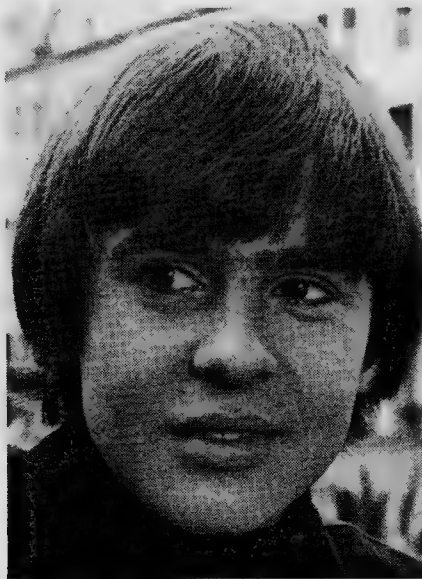
MIKE SMITH (DAVE CLARK 5): *Birthday* — December 6; *hat*, — 7¼; *shirt* — 15½-inch neck/35-inch sleeve (or Large); *sweater* — 42 (or Large); *shoe* — 10½ C; *socks* — 12; *ring* — 9; *favorite colors* — beige and blue; *favorite gifts* — American gadgets or scrapbooks from his fans; *address* — Regent House, 235 Regent St., London W. 1, England.



CHAD STUART (CHAD & JEREMY): *Birthday* — December 10; *hat* — Chad hates hats, so don't send him one!; *shirt* — 16½-inch neck/33-inch sleeve (or Large); *sweater* — 42 (or Large); *shoe* — 9½ C; *socks* — 11; *ring* — 8; *favorite colors* — olive green, beige, brown and rust; *favorite gifts* — hermetically sealed cans of cashew nuts, absurd shirts and silly T-shirts; *address* — 9000 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



CARL WILSON (BEACH BOYS): *Birthday* — December 21; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 16-inch neck/32-inch sleeve (or Large); *sweater* — 42 (or Large); *shoe* — 10 B; *socks* — 11; *ring* — 10; *favorite colors* — brown or blue; *favorite gift* — something that you make yourself, or anything at all for his new home; *address* — 9000 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



DAVID JONES (MONKEES): *Birthday* — December 30; *hat* — 7¼; *shirt* — 14-inch neck/29-inch sleeve (he has trouble finding shirts in his size, so he usually has them made to order); *sweater* — 34 (or Small); *shoe* — 8 A; *socks* — 9; *ring* — 7; *favorite color* — blue; *favorite gift* — he collects cuff links and loves to read all kinds of plays; *address* — 1334 N. Beechwood, Hollywood, Calif.



MIKE NESMITH (MONKEES): *Birthday* — December 30; *hat* — 7½; *shirt* — 14½-inch neck/34-inch sleeve (or Medium); *sweater* — 40 (or Large); *shoe* — 10 B; *socks* — 11; *ring* — 8; *favorite color* — blue; *favorite gifts* — gadgets for his cars and any hats but wool ones!; *address* — 1334 N. Beechwood, Hollywood, Cal.
Tune in next month for more of your favorite stars' birthdays, addresses and gift guides.



Herman and the Hermits!

Paul Revere and The Raiders!

NEW pin-ups!
GIANT size!
FULL color!

Talk about 3 top names! Talk about pin-ups that all your gang will talk about! And they're all yours — in big beautiful living color — each pin-up 1½ feet high — **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with your subscription of 12 issues of 16! By subscribing — instead of buying at a newsstand — you'll get your copy two weeks ahead of everybody who doesn't subscribe! But don't wait. Send this coupon with your \$3 right away! You'll have the jump on everyone!

☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL

JAN. 1967

I want to subscribe to 16 Magazine and get my copy two weeks ahead of everybody who waits to buy it at a newsstand. Please send me the next 12 issues AND please send me immediately the life-size color pin-ups absolutely free! I enclose \$3.00.

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZIP CODE.....

STATE.....

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all 3 FREE!
 with a single
 year's subscription
 of this magazine
 you're now reading!

LAST-MINUTE FLASHES - - - By GeeGee!

CHAD, Jeremy and **James** (hates to be called Jim) **Guercio** looking great when they showed up for a Surprise visit to 16's New York office . . . **Luke Halpin** visited the Raiders and **DD&B** backstage when they were in Miami, and later **Mark** and **Dino** took his Cobra for a spin (around the motel parking lot *only*) . . . Sneaker of the TV season is **Shane**, co-starring **David Carradine** and **Jill Ireland** . . . Second place sneaker is **Jericho**, with **John Leyton** . . . Before they were married, **Mrs. Wayne Fontana** was **Suzie Davies**, a fan. She used to skip school to take in **Wayne's** concerts! . . . **Ringo** has cut himself down to two rings only — his wedding ring and a signet ring . . . **Mike Anderson, Jr.** was married to **Vikki Harrington** on July 31. His series, *The Monroes*, is a winner — and they'll live happily ever after, I'm sure.

When the **Beatles** were in L.A., they visited **Mama Cass's** house for a great home-cooked dinner. Other guests included **David Crosby** (who is now featuring *gaucho* HATS instead of CAPES), **Jim McGuinn**, **Louis** and **Shelley Adler**,

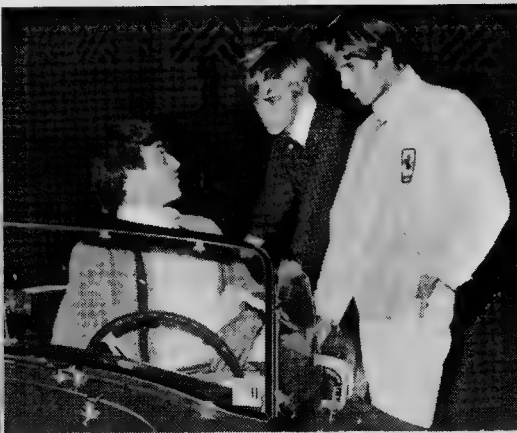
John and **Michelle Phillips** (who just bought a HUGE mansion in Beverly Hills — and *they* are gonna live happily ever after, too) and mystique-al **Papa Denny**. And they all went to sea in a *Yellow Submarine*.

George and **Paul's** favorite reading matter this past trip was **Herman Hesse's** *Siddharte*, a gift from our ed, **Gloria Stavers** (took it with them everywhere they went) . . . **Roy Orbison** has reported to the MGM lot to start his first movie, *The Fastest Guitar Alive* . . . **Ted Markland** co-starring in a new TV series pilot with **Mark Slade**. Hope the networks grab it . . . The new sound is the Wind.

Here I am out on that limb again — I am picking the following for stardom: folk singer **Laura Nyro** of Verve-Folkways Records . . . **Neil Diamond** — don't have to say no more! . . . Elektra's young genius singer-writer, **Tim Buckley** . . . Wailin', super-somethin' **Judy Roderick** of Vanguard Records.



Chad, Jerry & James



Mark, Luke & Dino



David & Jill



Wayne & Suzie



Ringo & rings



Mike & Vikki



Cass



John



Laura



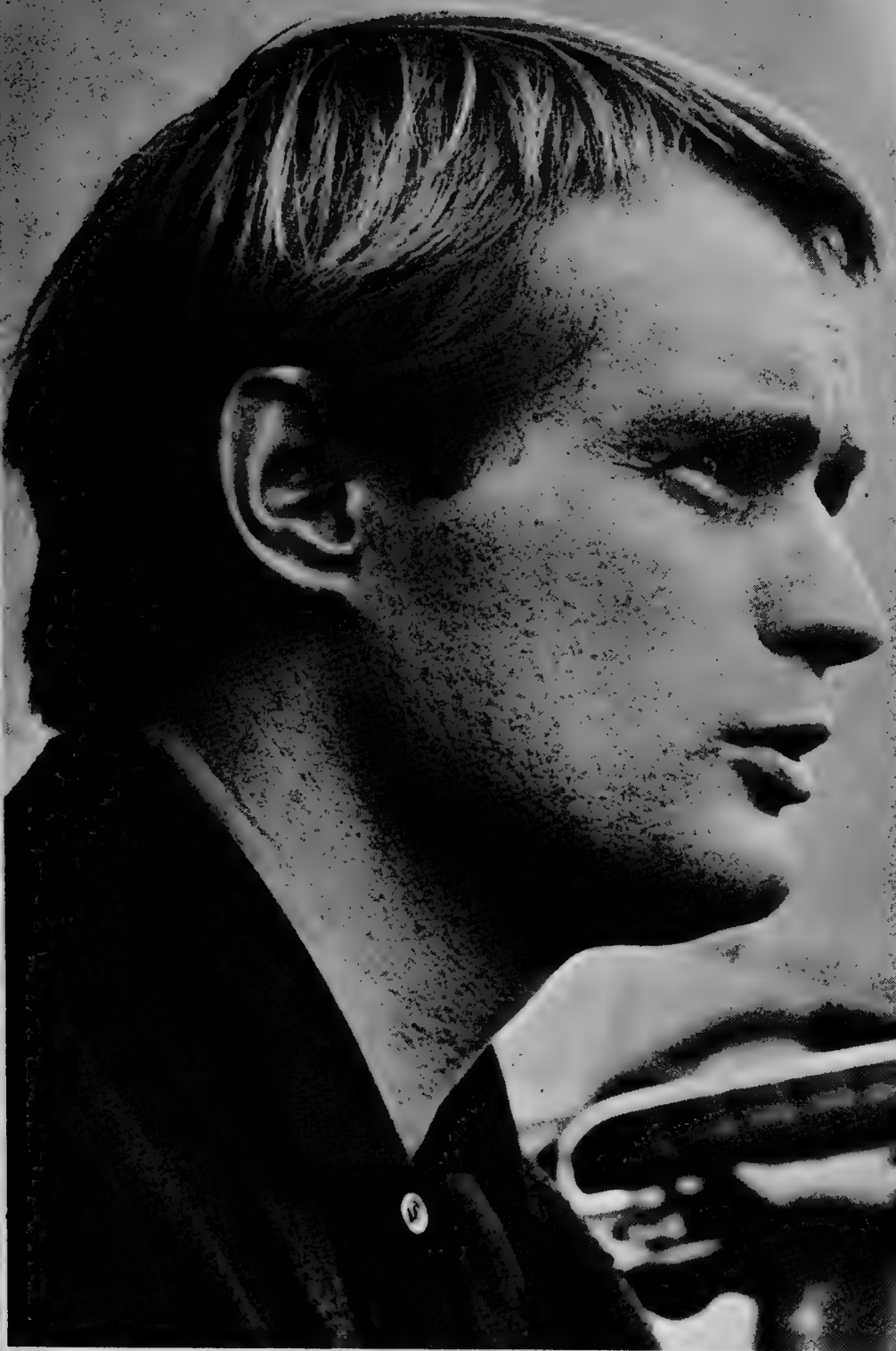
Judy



Tim



Neil



WHAT'S KOOKIN' WITH **ILLYA KURYAKIN?**

THERE'S MORE to David McCallum than meets your eye when you see him each Friday night on NBC-TV. Here are just a few frinstances:

David's father, who is concertmaster

of the London Symphony Orchestra, has just finished a tour of America as guest concertmaster of the Montavoni Orchestra. After six weeks of touring America, Mr. McCallum arrived in

Los Angeles, where he spent two weeks with his son. David had a ball showing his dad around Hollywood.

For those of you who were worried, David is not about to quit the U.N.C.L.E. series. His contract with MGM was recently renegotiated. He got a very substantial raise (so did Robert Vaughn), and he's very happy.

After releasing the single record (he wrote the melody and Paul Francis Webster wrote the words), In The Garden Under The Tree, David went to work on another LP for Capitol Records.

He expects his movie, Three Bites Of The Apple, to be released around Christmas. After spending Christmas Day with his children, David will very likely go to Australia and Tokyo for the New Year's holidays, where he will be promoting his records and the movie. (You better get some U.N.C.L.E. agents to protect you in Tokyo, David — your fantastic Japanese following is simply wild over you!)

In the evening, aside from visiting his own children, David finds time to visit the young people at the National Foundation For The Junior Blind. In his spare time he also visits a children's home in Inglewood, Calif., where he spends hours chatting with the youngsters there and conducting sing-alongs.

As for romance, it seems that Kathie Carpenter is still the number-one girl in David's life. She has visited him in Los Angeles (where recently they were seen shopping for household furniture together at one of the big department stores), and he has visited her in New York on weekends (where recently they were seen shopping for knick-knacks in the 5 & 10¢ store).

Contrary to popular opinion, David spends as much time as possible with his fans. Recently, a fan club president from Passaic, N. J. called David on the set at U.N.C.L.E. It seems that she and her 22 club members were all huddled around a phone booth on a Passaic street corner. They not only got through, but David insisted on personally speaking to each of the girls. So that was like 44 minutes and some 30-odd nickels — but well worth it to David, who was thrilled by their enthusiasm.

If any of you other McCallum-Kuryakin fanatics would like to write to David, send your letters to MGM-TV, 10202 Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO KNOW...

WHO?

HERMAN & HIS HERMITS
THE BEATLES AND WIVES
DINO, DESI & BILLY
DAVID McCALLUM
ROBERT VAUGHN
SONNY & CHER
IAN WHITCOMB
PAUL REVERE & RAIDERS
THE BYRDS
THE ROLLING STONES
THE DAVE CLARK 5
THE BEACH BOYS
ELVIS PRESLEY
PATTY DUKE
GENE PITNEY
MARIANNE FAITHFULL
GARY LEWIS
PETER & GORDON
CHAD & JEREMY
JANE ASHER
PATTIE BOYD
KINKS
BOB DYLAN
LUKE HALPIN

WHAT?

Their real names
Authentic autographs
Hair and eye coloring
Their "favorites"
Height & weight

HOW?

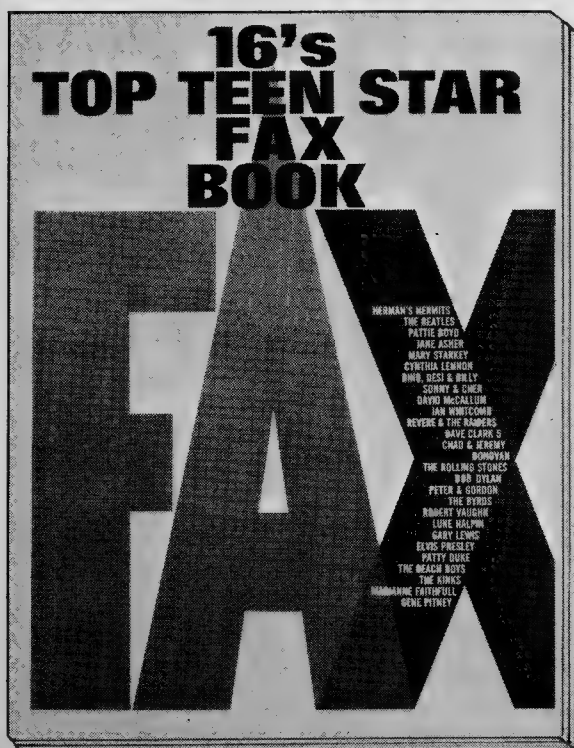
Their daily lives
Romantic secrets
Dating info
"At home" with them
Family facts
Plus a dozen more inside items

WHERE?

Personal addresses
Fan club addresses
Record company addresses
TV show addresses
Movie company addresses
Where they went to school

WHEN?

Their Birthdates
Future plans
Personal goals
Business ambitions



All the above is complete in this one-of-a-kind TOP TEEN STAR FAX BOOK...including a GORGEOUS, EXCLUSIVE, signed NEW portrait of each & every star mentioned above!

TOP TEEN STAR FAX BOOK

JANUARY 1967

Please send me 16's brand new TOP TEEN STAR FAX BOOK. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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16'S TOP TEEN STAR FAX BOOK

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

on the road with **PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS** and **DD&B**

(and their new "Road Manager," Dino's

**GET
IT
ON**

Li'l Brother, Ricci)



HELLO! It's "Papa" Paul and I am reporting to you from sunny Florida, where the whole kit and kaboodle recently wound up a fantastically (if I do say so myself) successful tour. As you can tell by these exclusive 16 pix, we were still right in there swinging — though our minds had already begun to go!

"How do you like my adorable (?) family — including 'hot-stuff' Ricci (he's the one leaning on Fang)?"





"Whut's he doin', Marcus?" "Dunno — don't have my contacts in."



"Actually, Ricci is a groovy kid — but he still owes me \$3.17!"



"Wow, gang — take a look at the great drawings 'Frenchy' did of us!"

"She's a groovy Raider Rooter from Chicago — and these drawings are outasite!"

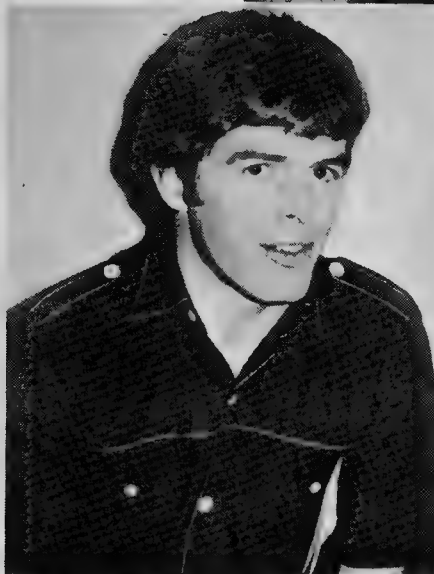


"Hey, babe — how'd you like to come for a ride with me on my motor bike?"



"Wouldn't you rather just sit around and talk with me?"

"Waddayamean —
do
I
really
look
like
that!?"



"What do you mean,
I need a haircut —?"



"You ain't gonna cut this cat's fur with
these shears, baby!"

↙
"Oh, I see what you mean I need a haircut —"



"Help! Somebody — HELP!!!"



"Hello, ladies! Would you like to buy a piece of fancy driftwood we found at Miami Beach?"



"He's not driftwood - we were just jokin'. Actually, he's our Beach Boy (sorry about that, Brian)."



"And a — one, two, three — kick!"



"Unc Paulie is standing back there, watching — so I'd better Get It On!"



("Gosh, I hope he doesn't forget to 'wind' me up ")

"Hey, ya'll — thanx for comin' along on our southern tour. We'll see ya'll again real soon, ya' heah?"



"Whew! I thought I'd never get them all back to L.A. in one piece!"



WIN the MONKEES' TREASURE CHEST and the great big wonderful mess of goody-goody-goodies in it! IT's SO E-Z!



IMPORTANT! YOU CANNOT ENTER THE "MONKEES' TREASURE CHEST" CONTEST UNLESS YOU USE THIS COUPON! FILL IT IN, CUT IT OUT AND MAIL IT NOW!

"MONKEES' TREASURE CHEST" CONTEST JANUARY 1967

Please enroll me in 16's "Monkees' Treasure Chest" Contest.

PLEASE PRINT

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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZIP CODE.....

STATE.....

Cut out and mail this coupon to:

"MONKEES' TREASURE CHEST" CONTEST
16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

ATTENTION all of you Monkee-maniacs — and *that* includes just about *everybody*: **YOUR BIG MOMENT HAS COME!** Davy, Micky, Mike and Pete have an ultra-gigantic, super *g-r-r* surprise for you! The Monkees have selected 16 as the very first magazine to feature their very first *national Monkee contest* — and that means goody-goody-good news for *you* all the way! Just take a look at the list of Monkee treasure chest goodies that you can get for doing *absolutely nothing!*

DAVID JONES will give you a beautiful ring similar to the one he wears, with both your initials and his initials engraved inside — plus a personal note authenticating that the ring is really from him!

PETER TORK will give you a blue and orange paisley print Hamlet-type shirt (similar to the one he has on in this picture) from Hollywood's famous DeVoss Mens' clothing store.

MIKE NESMITH will pass along to you one of his famous "wool hats," just like he wears on The Monkees TV shows.

MICKY DOLENZ is saving one of his very own turtle-neck pull-overs to send to you!

Aside from each of the very personal Monkee gifts listed above — get a load of these bonus prizes that you will also win:

An autographed copy of the Monkees' new Colgems LP.

Your very own three-speed portable record player to play it on.

A huge, personally autographed, living color pin-up of Davy, Pete, Micky and Mike.

And, last but not least, a full year's free subscription to swinging 16 Magazine!

To get the whole kit and kaboodle, all you gotta do is print your name, address, etc. on the coupon, cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon. Like we said, *absolutely nothing!*

All coupons will be dropped inside a barrel. The barrel will then be revolved and 16's editor, Gloria Stavers, *blind-folded*, will pick *eleven* coupons from the barrel. The first coupon she picks will be the grand prize-winner, and the sender of that coupon will receive the Monkees' treasure chest with all the goodies it contains!

The next ten coupons she picks will also win prizes for their senders. Each of these contestants will be awarded an autographed copy of the Monkees' new Colgems LP and a full year's free subscription to 16 Magazine.

Ready? Set? Well, then, *GO f'r goodness sake* — and wing away that coupon this very little ol' minute!

WOW!! They're ultra-outasite! **WHAT?** These biggest-ever, **MOST** beautiful-ever, neatest, bossiest, **BRAND NEW** super-giant signed

pin-ups of:



MARK LINDSAY
 PHIL "FANG" VOLK
 PAUL REVERE
 JIM "HARPO" VALLEY
 MIKE "SMITTY" SMITH
 PAUL McCARTNEY
 RINGO STARR
 GEORGE HARRISON
 JOHN LENNON
 DAVID McCALLUM
 ROBERT VAUGHN
 HERMAN
 KARL GREEN
 LEK LECKENBY
 KEITH HOPWOOD
 BARRY WHITWAM
 DINO MARTIN, JR.
 DESI ARNAZ, JR.
 BILLY HINSCH
 DAVE CLARK
 MIKE SMITH
 DENIS PAYTON
 LENNY DAVIDSON
 RICK HUXLEY

YES—THIS SET OF 16'S SUPER-GIANT PIN-UPS FEATURES ALL-EXCLUSIVE, GORGEOUS, KISSABLE PORTRAITS OF EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOUR ALL-TIME TEEN FAVES. DON'T YOU GET LEFT OUT IN THE COLD—**RIGHT NOW** FILL OUT THE ORDER COUPON ON THIS PAGE, CLIP A ONE DOLLAR BILL TO IT AND MAIL IT TO THE ADDRESS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE COUPON. BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO GET THESE SWINGING, SUPER-SMASHING, ONE-OF-A-KIND PIN-UPS!

SUPER GIANT PIN-UPS

JANUARY 1967

Please send me 16's Super-Giant Pin-Ups. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

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ADDRESS.....

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STATE.....

Mail coupon to:

16'S ALL-NEW SUPER-GIANT PIN-UPS
 16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

AFTER appearing with David Weston in Shakespeare's *The Winters' Tale* at the Edinburgh Assembly Hall in Scotland, Jane Asher rejoined the Bristol Old Vic Company for a tour of England. They arrive in America on January 16, 1967. Three plays will be presented: *Hamlet*, *Romeo And Juliet* and *Measure For Measure*—Jane will play Juliet and a small role in *Measure For Measure*.

Here is the tentative schedule for the tour:

Boston, Mass.	January 16
Philadelphia, Pa.	January 23
Washington, D.C.	January 30
New York, N.Y.	February 14—March 5
Los Angeles, Calif.	March 7—22
San Diego, Calif.	March 23—25
San Francisco, Calif.	March 27—April 1
Denver, Colo.	April 6—8
Dallas, Tex.	April 10—15
Chicago, Ill.	April 17—22
Champaigne, Ill.	April 24—25
Lafayette, Ind.	April 26—27
Indianapolis, Ind.	April 28—29
Bloomington, Ill.	May 1—2
Indianapolis, Ind.	May 3—
Cleveland, Ohio	May 5—
Toronto, Ontario	May 8—



Jane and David Weston



WHERE THEY ARE NOW

RAIDERS, ROBBS, & STAND-ELLS: Nov. 22 — Municipal Auditorium, Dallas, Tex.; Nov. 23 — Houston Music Hall, Houston, Tex.; Nov. 24 — Municipal Auditorium, San Antonio, Tex.; Nov. 25 — Memorial Coliseum, Corpus Christi, Tex.; Nov. 26 — City Auditorium, Amarillo, Tex.; Nov. 27 — Open; Nov. 28 — Lubbock Coliseum, Lubbock, Tex.; Nov. 29 — Austin, Tex.; Nov. 30 — Odessa, Tex.; Dec. 1 — El Paso, Tex.; Dec. 2 — Albuquerque, New Mexico; Dec. 3 — Phoenix, Ariz.; Dec. 4 — In Hollywood shooting *Action*, recording for Columbia, and possibly doing a movie.

BEATLES: At home and recording some new songs at London's EMI Studios.

DAVE CLARK 5: *Ed Sullivan Show* in November — then they return to England to begin work on their second film.

HERMAN & THE HERMITS: Vacationing at home in England be-

fore returning to the States on December 24 for two days' press conferences in NYC, followed by a ten-day tour of one-night stands all across the States.

RASCALS: Raleigh Hotel in the New York Catskills for the Thanksgiving weekend, then to Harrisburg, Pa., on December 10.

PHIL OCHS: Nov. 24 — Carnegie Hall, N.Y.; Dec. 2 — Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass.

BYRDS: In L.A. for vacation and recording.

YARDBIRDS: Finishing up eastern and mid-western American tour.

LOVIN' SPOONFUL: Nov. 21 — Music Hall, Houston, Tex.; Nov. 23 — McCormick Place, Chicago, Ill.; Nov. 25 — Public Auditorium, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Nov. 26 — Masonic Temple, Davenport, Iowa.

DD&B: Dec. 19 thru Dec. 25 — Spending the holidays at home; Dec.

26 thru Dec. 31 — Touring the Eastern and southeastern United States; Jan. 1 — Home again for New Year's day.

PETER & GORDON: Holiday club dates in northern and middle England.

JOHN PHILLIP LAW: Filming an Italian western in Rome, Italy.

MONKEES: Filming at Screen Gems Studios in Hollywood.

ROLLING STONES: In England, beginning work on their first film, "Only Lovers Left Alive."

DRAKE LEVIN: Recording in L.A.

McCOYS: Living at home in Indiana, going to high school, and playing college dates and one-nighters on weekends.

(This schedule is subject to change due to unforeseen events)



the swingin' secret life of Raider JIM "HARPO" VALLEY



HELLO—and welcome to my very private world. When you see me on Action on TV each day, I usually give the impression of being a completely zany, irresponsible, flip-pant freak-out. However, underneath that slick show-biz veneer is another person—the real me. The real me is a quiet, shy and rather serious fellow. When I first joined the Raiders, I thought that it was absolutely imperative that I be “on” all the time. I guess I felt terribly insecure actually—and, wouldn’t you? I mean, I had to take Drake’s place, and he’s a very popular, groovey guy. (More about him later.) Well, quite a few months have gone by and I’ve come to realize that you Raider Rooters—who are the most active and loyal fans in the world—really like me for myself, and not just because I was lucky enough to get to be a Raider.

So now I am going to invite you into my private world and let you see the other side of Harpo—the side I’ve kept a secret for so long.

To begin with, I’m a very sentimental person. When I’m alone, I spend hours singing and playing my guitar. My favorite tunes are slow, romantic ballads. I’m even trying my hand at writing a few. Hope you’ll be hearing more about that very soon.

Another secret is that I’m a nature lover. I really mean it. I like to go for long walks alone, just digging the natural wonders that surround us out here in California. Sometimes I walk along a deserted beach and just enjoy feeling the sand between my toes and looking out at the ocean. When I gaze out at the sea, I seem to become part of it. It’s as though I can feel the whole ocean all around me, and in that way I can also feel all of the oceans of the entire world. It’s a very awe-inspiring experience.

I also love other natural wonders, such as trees and flowers. Do you know that if you sit very still and look into a flower, after a while you can actually see it move? There’s a lot going on inside of a flower. They’re well worth looking into.

Drake Levin and I have been good friends for over a year and a half, but since he’s gotten out of the service we’ve become very close buddies. One weekend we drove out to the desert at Palm Springs. We didn’t stay in town, but went out on the desert and camped. We spent two glorious days watching the splendors of desert life and gazing at the glories of the star-strewn skies at night. We shared many deep and serious conversations and we learned a lot from and about each other. On the way out of the desert, we passed the house of an artist and we stopped and looked at his paintings. He was an old man and he had a

great deal of soul stamped into his face. “I’ve lived here all my life,” he told us, “and every day I discover something wonderful and different out here in the desert.”

Well, it seems that’s the way it is with my life every day, no matter where I am. I hope it’s the same with yours.





He's really diabolical, you know.



Soft . . . I says. Very soft!



Totally crackers, that's what!



'E's a blood y raver, he is.



HERMAN BLOWS HIS MIND!

Here's what he really thinks about the things you've been wondering about — in plain Herman-type English!

PERSONAL PLANS: "I've just returned from Switzerland, where I looked at several houses. You see, I'm buying a home for me mum, dad and two little sisters, Suzanne and Louise. Our new home will be either in Geneva or Zurich, and once the family has settled there I will spend all my holidays and my time off there with them. When I was seven or eight, I used to holiday in Switzerland. I love skiing and I plan to take it up again. There's only one thing wrong. Once I get started, I don't know how to stop. Help!"

BABIES: "How could Peter Noone possibly blow his mind without talking about babies? I already have those two above-mentioned sisters and me mum Joan tells me there's another little toddler on the way. She's promised me a baby brother, and if she keep that promise I'm going to name him Blair. Meanwhile, Suzanne thinks that Louise is 'her baby.' So 'Sooty' looks after her marvelously well. Louise looks a lot like Suzanne, and that means I think they're both rather stunning."

PHONEY STORIES: "You all know there are a lot of magazines that print untrue and ridiculous stories about me and the Hermits (not to mention other stars as well). There's not much we can do to stop these phoney articles from being written, but we *do* have 16 to rely on and to get the truth through to you. Just to set the record straight, here are a few facts. I don't go steady with anybody. I'm not a snob and I'm sorry if I've ever given that impression. None of the Hermits go steady. We're all very good friends and there's no jealousy among us. I do *not* plan to quit the group, though there is a possibility I may do some outside acting roles on my own. We are *not* having a feud with the Stones or any other group. Hope that takes care of all the current rumors. Okay?"

"Speaking of acting, I hope you saw the small role I played in *Canterville Ghost* on ABC-TV early in November. It was really fun doing it. The show itself was filmed in a real castle in Maidstone at Kent — which is about 40 miles from London. The castle is owned by Carmelite monks. It's huge, musty and rambling — just great for exploring. I found hidden rooms and tunnels all over the place! I also met and worked with two great actors — Douglas Fairbanks and Sir Michael Redgrave."

FANS: "When they throw things, it really frightens me. I don't want to get my eyes damaged. I know you don't throw things intending to hurt me or any of the boys, but sometimes you're 'bad shots,' and the objects you throw hit us in places that hurt. The worst thing you can throw is a lipstick tube or those cube flash bulb holders. One hit me in the face in Milwaukee on our last tour, and I bled like one of those gangsters getting gunned down on the *Late*

Show. I kept on singing while blood ran down my face and all over my shirt. It didn't hurt, but it sure scared me. Once something hit me in the eye — and that really *did* hurt. For a little while, I thought I was going to lose my eyesight. Also, remember that if Barry, Keith, Lek, Karl and I didn't have to keep ducking up on the stage, we would give a better performance. I mean, you work better when you're all happy and not afraid.

"But please don't misunderstand me. I think fans are very, very nice people. They're much nicer than grown-ups think they are. Sure, they scream and they bowl you over in a crowd, but on the whole they treat you much nicer than anyone else does. A fan wouldn't walk over in the middle of a meal and stop you when you're eating and *demand* your autograph — like some so-called grown-ups have done to us! If fans are treated right, and with respect, they're always polite and they are very beautiful people. In Atlanta this past summer — after we had finished two shows in a row — we went to a nearby steak house to eat. It happened to be near our hotel, where thousands of kids had gathered. Two of them saw us and screamed, and that brought the rest. They filed inside and soon the whole restaurant was bursting with excited youngsters. The restaurant owner had a loud-speaker, and he announced to the kids that if they would line up and wait for us to finish our dinner, they would all get to meet us. Well, that's what they did — and they were really super. When we got through, we met every single kid there and they either got an autograph, a napkin (or some souvenir) or got a picture of themselves taken with us.

"I understand fans because I used to be one. I was just like them. I remember once in England I stood in the rain at a stage door for an hour waiting for a star whom I worshipped. When he finally came out, I asked for his autograph and he walked right past me and never spoke. I felt terrible. I would never do a thing like that to a fan."

DATES: "When I go off on a date, I like to be alone with a girl. I mean, I don't like to double-date or go to parties. I like to be in a place where my date and I can really talk to each other and get a chance to know each other. Someone wrote once that I only like blondes, and that's not true. I never said that. I really don't care what color a girl's hair is. I notice the girl herself first — not her looks — but a certain *something* about her. In America, you call it personality. I found out that some of the nicest girls are the plain ones. Often, they seem to have more interest in you, more to talk about, and a better sense of humor.

"Well, ta for now — see you when I return to New York City about December 21st. On the 24th, Barry, Lek, Karl, Keith and meself begin a ten-day tour of one-night stands all over the States."

BEACH BOYS

& THEIR WIVES

HEAD BEACH BOY Brian Wilson was married to his long-time steady, Marilyn, two years ago, December 7, 1964. Brian never kept his marriage a secret. The rest of the Beach Boys, who had (before or since Brian's marriage) taken themselves brides, decided to keep their weddings a secret.

However, as it always happens, rumors began to spread and secrets began to be exposed. Finally, the Beach Boys decided to no longer keep their marriages hidden from their many fans. Here are the facts:



Beach Boy **Al Jardine** was the first to marry when he wed his Linda at St. Michael's Episcopal Church in El Segundo, Calif., on February 4, 1964. The Jardines' first baby is due any minute — they picked out about two dozen names. Al wants a boy; Linda wants a girl.



Youngest Beach Boy **Carl Wilson** had been secretly dating Annie Hinsche (Billy's older sister) for almost a year when they decided they could wait no longer, so they got married at the Los Angeles Registry on February 3, 1966. No children are expected and Annie and Carl would like to wait two years before starting a family.



Daredevil Beach Boy **Dennis Wilson** has been married to his wife, Carol, since July 29, 1965. Carol has a four-year-old son, Scott, from a former marriage. Recently, Dennis legally adopted Scott. Dennis and Carol expect another child this coming March or April.



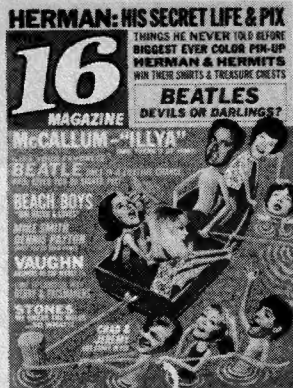
That leaves handsome, rich **Bruce Johnston** the only single Beach Boy. Here is a picture of Bruce with his mother, Irene, in the den of their Los Angeles home. Bruce plans to stay *available* for a long, long time!



Mike Love met a beautiful dancer in Las Vegas a little over a year ago. After a whirlwind courtship, he took Suzanne to be his wedded wife on October 15, 1965. Their first baby is due in January, 1967.



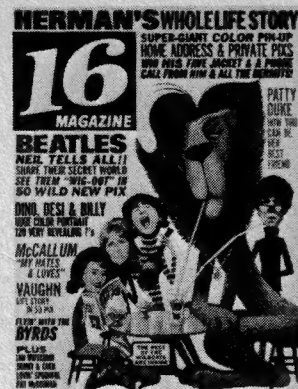
In AUG. 1965 issue you get Herman's life story and 100 pix; secret life of McCallum; 101 untold secrets of Peter & Gordon; Stones' picture book; Gary & Playboys' answers to 100 questions!



In SEPT. 1965 issue you get Herman's Secret Life and Pix plus a color pin-up of him and Hermits; and fab features on McCallum, Beatles, Beach Boys, Stones, Chad & Jeremy, etc.!



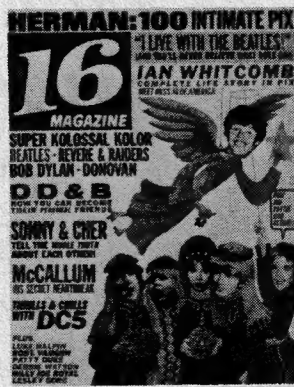
In OCT. 1965 issue you learn the truth about the Beatles' girls, Herman confesses his hates and luv's, Stones reveal 100 sizzling secrets, Chad and Jeremy answer 80 snoopy questions, etc., etc.!



In NOV. 1965 issue 'ermans WHOLE life story plus super giant pin-up of 'im! 50 wild pix of the Beatles. Color portrait (large) of D.D. & B. Fly with the Byrds! More, more like the most!



In DEC. 1965 issue Neil reveals red-hot secrets of the Beatles, Herman's Hermits tell all on each other, Sonny & Cher answer 100 ?s, Chris Jagger squeals on the Stones, and there are color pin-ups galore!



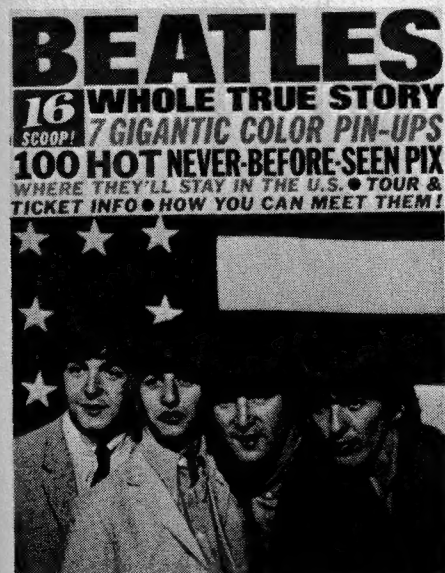
The JAN. 1966 issue has 100 pix of 'erman (intimate)! Super Kolossal Kolor of the Beatles, R. & Raiders, Dylan & Donovan! Sonny & Cher tell about each other! The secret heartache of McCallum plus much much more!



In FEB. 1966 issue you get the life story and 100 pix of Dino, Desi & Billy; McCallum's life story; an inside secret story on Sonny & Cher; huge color pin-ups of Stones, Vaughn, Pitney; and much, much more!



In MAR. 1966 issue are 50 wild pix and 50 secrets of the Beatles, color pin-ups of DD&B, Sonny & Cher, Elvis, Chris Jones, the DC5 answer 55 questions, and Fang, Revere, Mark, Smitty and Drake tell all on each other!



Beatles Whole True Story is the full, complete story of the Fab Four: Paul, George, John & Ringo. You get 7 gigantic color pin-ups and 100 never-before-seen Beatle pix! Don't miss this one-of-a-kind Beatles book. There's never been anything like it!



In Winter SPEC '66 you get Herman, Dino, Beatles, Allison, DC5 in color pin-ups, 50 pix of Revere & Raiders, and fab features and photos on Sonny & Cher, Peter & Gordon, Stones, McCallum-Vaughn — plus home addresses and more exclusive treats!

Please send me the magazines I have checked. I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH COPY.

JAN. 1967

- August 1965 issue of "16" ☐
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OR (IN BASIC ENGLISH)
X-TRA-ULTRA-SUPER-WOW!
*Like that's what the
OUTASITE February
issue of 16 is gonna be!
Yep, the "resident
genius" is comin' up w
some fantastic scoops—
YOU'RE really gonna
blow your lollipop!*

Here are just a few samples:
MONKEES

—Kolossal, Kissable, Karessable,
Kolor Pin-Up and
100 Intimate Questions!
A Love Letter To You
From Mark Lindsay!
Win A Fabulous
Raider Wardrobe!

Herman & The Hermits—
Their Super-Secret
Private Lives!

D D & B Have
A Once-In-A-Lifetime
Surprise For You!

DC5 ask:
"Are You A Rose?"
(You Gotta
Find Out—Ya' Know!)

DAVID McCALLUM's
Dream Day

Plus all the latest scoops on:

Stones
Drake Levin
Luke Halpin
The Hard Times

and all your other fave-raves!

BE SURE to pick up **YOUR**
February issue of 16—on sale
at your local newsstand
on December 20!

• Since so many readers wish to join or start fan clubs, here is a list of the national fan clubs of some of the top stars. A few stars have two (sometimes more) national clubs, and in due time we will list these. We will also list local chapters from time to time, and we suggest that fans in local areas contact local club presidents about joining.

To start your own club, or to join a club in your area, write to any of the follow-

ing national fan clubs for information.
ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED
STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR A REPLY.

If you wish your fan club to be listed, send us the complete data—name, address, and so on—together with a note of authorization from the recognized fan club O K.-ing you. Or send a sample kit of what you will give members in exchange for dues.



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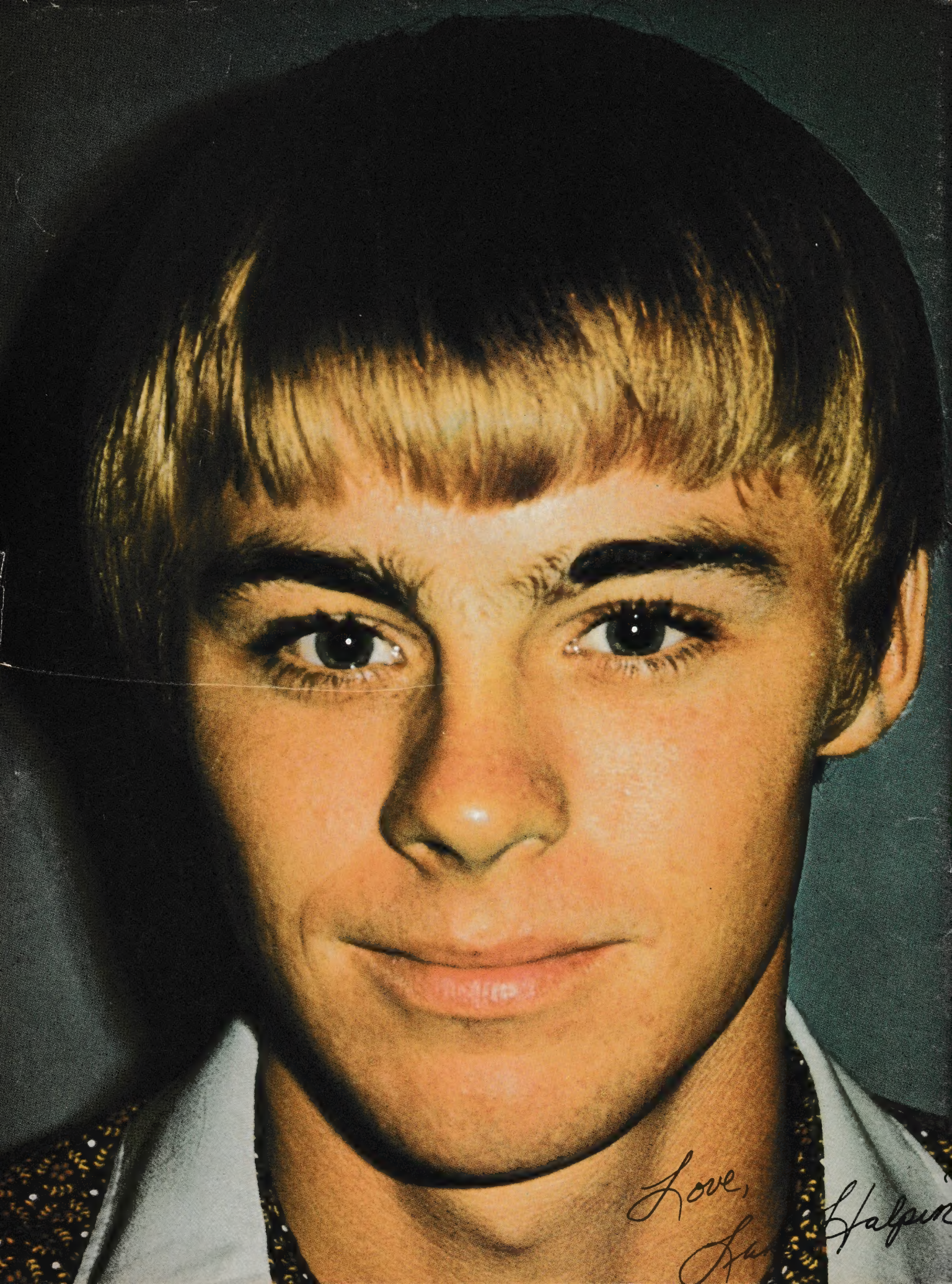
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